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# MEMOIRS,

AND

# SELECT REMAINS.

OF

# CHARLES POND;

LATE MEMBER OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS IN

YALE COLLEGE.

COMPILED BY A CLASSMATE.

Oh long shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.—*Moore.*

Quando ullum inveniet parem?—*Hor. Car.*

NEW HAVEN:

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"Memoirs, and Select Remains, of Charles Pond; late member of the Sophomore Class in Yale College. Compiled by a Classmate.

Oh long shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.—*Moore.*

Quando ullum inveniet parem?—*Hor. Car.*"

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CHA'S. A. INGERSOLL,
*Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,
CHA'S. A. INGERSOLL,
*Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

# PREFACE.

Soon after the death of the beloved and highly gifted subject of the following Memoirs, it was suggested to his friends by several who had been well acquainted with his character, that a sketch of his life including extracts from his correspondence and miscellaneous writings, might subserve a valuable purpose. It is with this hope that this little volume has been compiled, and it is now submitted to the public. It is what it professes to be, a *selection* merely; much has been left, both of his correspondence and other matter, equally interesting, perhaps, as that which has been extracted. It has been the aim of the compiler, however, to make a selection of such variety as to exhibit all the several features of his character.

That *arrangement* has been adopted which was thought best calculated to illustrate the regular *progress* of his mind. The letters and papers, are inserted in the order of time in which they were written; and the business of the compiler has been only to connect them together, adding just so much as seemed necessary to complete the picture.

The extracts from his correspondence, will it is believed, be perused with peculiar interest. Though written usually with the greatest haste.

they exhibit a correctness of sentiment and accuracy of observation, combined with an elegance and finish of expression, indicative alike of mature judgment, and pure and cultivated taste. It will be observed that in his advice to his sisters, he has pointed out all that is most essential in the formation of a character of real excellence—advice which is believed to be worthy the attention of all, of similar age and circumstances with those to whom they were addressed.

In many respects, it is believed, the character of Pond may be proposed to *students* as a *model*. His kind and benevolent feelings, his unremitted and well directed industry, and above all, his correct and unyielding moral principle, are such as should characterize every one who is preparing himself for the higher spheres of usefulness among his fellow-men.—And if the survey of his excellence, both intellectual and moral, shall be the means of inspiring any with new ardor in climbing

> "the rugged path—the steep ascent,
> That virtue points to,"

the path that leads to usefulness and honor, his friends will not have occasion to regret, that this brief sketch of his character has been given to the public.

R. PALMER.

*Yale College, July* 12, 1829.

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# MEMOIRS.

## CHAPTER I.

Charles's Birth—Early dispositions and habits—Course pursued in relation to his studies—Religious impressions and their result—Fondness for writing—Specimens of his first poetical efforts—Remarks.

Charles Pond, was born at Milford, Conn. Oct. 13th, 1809. His parents, Charles H. and Catharine Pond, both of respectable families, were also natives of Milford, and the subject of these memoirs was their eldest child, and *only son*.

When a child, Charles possessed in a high degree, those qualities which in children appear interesting and lovely. Placed at school when very young, the sweetness of his disposition, and the unusual propriety of his conduct, won him the affection and confidence of his instructors; and among his companions he was ever a universal favorite.

He early gave indications of an active and observing mind; manifesting an ardent desire to learn, and eagerly availing himself of every means of improvement. As an occupation for his leisure hours, he preferred reading, to the ruder sports which usually engage the attention of children; because he thus obtained, at the same time both entertainment and instruction. He was not, however, wanting in vivacity; but on the contrary, was remarkable for his sprightliness and humor; often amusing those around him by the playfulness of his remarks.

From a child there was a singular purity about his character—a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which led him always scrupulously to avoid whatever might be the occasion of pain to others. His obedience to the wishes of his parents, was always the most cheerful and unhesitating, whatever might be the dictates of his own inclination; nor were they ever in a single instance under the necessity of correcting him for any impropriety of conduct.

From the time when he was nine years of age, his father, in consequence of the location of his business, was constantly absent from the

family through the week; yet he never manifested any disposition to avail himself of the absence of paternal watchfulness for the pursuit of self-gratification. This freedom from restraint, seemed rather to furnish an occasion for the display of his affectionate and obedient disposition. Instead of occasioning his mother unnecessary trouble, he seemed always desirous of diminishing her cares and contributing to her happiness by acts of kindness and attention. While towards his sisters who were younger than himself, his conduct was always the most tender and obliging; and nothing seemed to afford him greater satisfaction, than to be able to engage them in employments, from which they might be expected to derive rational amusement, or permanent advantage.

When his father returned home on Saturday evening, it was his regular custom to examine Charles in relation to the books he had been reading, and the studies to which he had attended when at school. These frequent examinations, while they enabled his parents to mark the progress which he made in knowledge, afforded also an opportunity of observing the pe-

culiar characteristics of his mind. The analyses which he gave on these occasions, of the subjects, both of his reading and his study, evinced discrimination and reflection rarely exhibited at his early age. He seemed to digest and classify the knowledge he acquired; and possessing as he did, a memory remarkably retentive, what he had thus learned was treasured up in his recollection, so that he could recal it whenever he had occasion. And there is reason to believe that the precocity of intellect for which he was afterwards so remarkable, was in a great measure the result of a practice, which thus early called into exercise all the powers of his mind.

Charles was favored with the prayers and instructions of a pious mother; and was habitually attentive to whatever was said to him on the subject of religion. It is not known, however, that his feelings were ever particularly excited, until he was about thirteen years of age; when he became the subject of deep religious impressions. Many of the youth in his native town, were at the same time similarly affected; and he used frequently to meet with several of his

young acquaintance, for prayer and the reading of the scriptures. His apprehension of the truths of the bible, seemed uncommonly distinct, and his convictions of their immense importance, deep and pungent. He did not at this period, however, entertain any hope that he had become a new creature in Christ. Yet it was evident that the views of truth which he then obtained, and the impression which they made upon his heart, exerted a lasting influence on his character. He ever afterwards manifested a tenderness of feeling on the subject of religion, which clearly evinced that although the strong excitement produced by the first discovery of his character and prospects as a sinner, might have in some degree subsided, yet there was left, the permanent conviction, that nothing else could confer a happiness worthy of an immortal being.

Charles early discovered a fondness for writing; and was accustomed when quite a child to amuse himself and sisters, by composing little scraps of poetry. It is to be regretted that at a later period, he committed to the flames almost all these juvenile productions. A few,

however, are preserved, and will be inserted according to the time when they were written.—It is necessary, however, to premise that it is not presumed that the effusions of a *boy*, who, at sixteen, to use his own language, "renounced the courtship of the Nine," and who had previously wooed them only as a pastime, should interest from their intrinsic excellence. They are chiefly interesting as they serve to illustrate the character and progress of his mind. Of these which are inserted, the first appears to have been written when Charles was twelve years old.

### BEAUTY AND PLEASURE.

Beauty is like the summer flower,
That blooms enchanting for an hour ;
Then like the sun's departing ray,
It quickly dies and fades away.

But there's a beauty never dies,
That's scann'd with joy by heav'nly eyes ;
'Tis that Religion's pow'rs impart,
The heav'nly beauty of the heart.

Pleasure's a phantom false, yet fair,
Which leads into a deadly snare ;
Pleasure is but an outward show,
That oft conceals internal woe.

But they who walk in virtue's train,
Who banish grief and soften pain,
Who clothe the poor, the hungry feed;
Ah! they feel Pleasure true indeed.

The next was written soon after he was fourteen.

## TO WINTER.

And art thou come old hoary head,
With all thy snow, and ice, and frost?
I had begun to think thee dead;
Or that thy sceptre thou hadst lost.

Come, sit thee down; I joy to see
That thou retain'st thy empire yet;
For thou possessest charms for me,
And I am glad we're so soon met.

I love to see thy clear blue sky—
I love to feel thy bracing air—
I love on thy smooth ice to fly—
To see, to feel thee every where.

And when the fire burns clear and strong,
And I have shut the casement fast,
I love to hear thy varied song
Borne swiftly by upon the blast.

The following piece, with the remarks by which it is prefaced, was also written while Charles was in his fifteenth year.

"Among the many and various scenes which our country has exhibited to the admiration of mankind, the journey of La Fayette through the States, was perhaps the most pleasing to the philanthropist, and the most interesting and singular to the world. When a king, attended by the splendid pageantry of nobility, marches through his kingdom, his subjects it is true, greet his passage with joy and acclamation.—But how often is this joy occasioned by the pomp and magnificence of majesty, while the king himself is secretly detested. Not so with the journey of our Fathers' Friend. Here, the homage paid, was prompted by the best feelings of the heart. 'Twas gratitude inspired it; and 'twas *felt* by those who rendered it, and by him who was its object.

"The following lines were written on hearing of his arrival."

## LA FAYETTE.

The Hero's come; the Patriot's here,
In this fair land he lov'd so dear;
Then hasten all to pay the debt
Of gratitude to La Fayette.

Thou Friend of Freedom, child of heav'n!
To thee a nation's praise is given;
And thou shalt hear whene'er thou'rt met,
Our grateful welcome La Fayette!

And shouldst thou e'en protract thy stay,
Till length of years have roll'd away;
How should we all still then regret
Thy too brief visit, La Fayette!

But oh, go not—come, pass thy life
Here, far from war and murd'rous strife;
And till thy sun of life be set,
We'll treat thee kindly, La Fayette!

And when we lay thy honor'd head
Among our country's mighty dead;
A nations tears thy grave shall wet,
Thou child of glory, La Fayette!

---

The history of childhood—especially of a childhood spent at home, can of necessity be marked with little variety. Charles continued

to attend a common school without interruption, except occasionally from his health, which was always delicate, until his fifteenth year. His habits of reading, combined with observation and reflection, had by this time, greatly enlarged and matured his mind. He had thus also, as he usually read authors of a standard character, acquired what is justly regarded as the best foundation for a finished education, a thorough knowledge of his native language.

## CHAPTER II.

Commences fitting for college—His character at this period—Diligence in study—Rules of conduct—Favorite authors—Further specimens of his attempts at poetry—Renounces the "courtship of the Nine"—Reasons for doing so.

CHARLES having now reached the age when it was proper for him to enter upon classical studies, it became a question with his parents whether or not he should be sent from home. So unwilling, however, were they to be deprived of the pleasure of his company, that notwithstanding the disadvantages attendant on such a course, it was at length concluded that he should remain with them; and accordingly he commenced fitting for college, reciting to the Rev. Mr. Pinneo, the clergyman of his native town. The following extract of a letter from that gentleman, accurately delineates the prominent features of his character at this period.

"Milford, March 5th, 1829.

"DEAR SIR,

"The lamented youth, a memoir of whom I understand you are preparing for the public eye, belonged to my pastoral charge, and for several years before he entered upon a collegiate course of study, was under my particular instruction. This was previous to his sixteenth year, at which time he entered college. At this early period, little can be supposed to have occurred worthy of record; although to the fond heart of affection, affording the most endearing recollections. It may however be truly said, that the powers of his mind had developed themselves to an uncommon degree; and gained a strength and maturity quite beyond his years. It was indeed often observed by his acquaintance, that he had passed early and rapidly from the lightness and instability of youth, to the vigor and maturity, and I may add, *dignity* of manhood. It pleased the God of nature to endow him with an uncommon share of good sense; as well as with those higher, though not more useful talents, which lay the foundation for eminent attainments. All his

faculties were remarkably well balanced, and duly proportioned. He possessed to an unusual degree, what is denominated *genius;* but this in him did not stand alone to perform mere feats of strength, but was restrained and directed by sound judgment and discretion. In a word, I consider our young friend, who cannot now be affected by our applause or censure, to have possessed talents eminently fitting him for high acquirements, and for great distinction and usefulness in the world, had it pleased God to spare his life. Nor were his excellencies merely intellectual. His Creator had richly endowed him with those amiable and affectionate dispositions, which, far more than mere abilities or knowledge, secure the love and esteem of mankind. That he was faultless, it is not intended to affirm; but his very deficiencies afforded the opportunity of discovering a trait of character as rare as it is excellent. He received reproof, not with sullen silence, or resentment, or attempts at self-justification; but with deep feelings of self-reproach; and the effect was permanent and happy." * * * *

Having now commenced a *regular course* of study, he seemed more than ever, to feel the importance of diligent and systematic industry. This may be seen from the following little fragment written about this time, which was found among his papers, entitled

*Rules of Conduct.*

Sensible that *method*, and a *regular course of life*, are indispensable to the correct fulfilment of duties, I here compose a set of rules for my conduct, which I am determined to observe as far as lies in my power. Some might perhaps appear unnecessary, or of trifling importance; but a close observer of nature, will easily perceive that all its great machines are moved by innumerable small wheels; and that however inconsiderable a great part of them may be in themselves, yet they are each and every one requisite to produce harmony and perfection in the whole.

*Rise* at six in winter, and five in summer.

*Retire* at ten.

*Study*—from nine A. M. till twelve—from two P. M. till three—then recite. Evening,

from seven till nine or ten as circumstances shall determine. Write after recitation.

*Exercise*—from six till nine A. M.—from twelve till two, and from four till six P. M.

Sleep nine hours.—Study eight hours.—Exercise seven hours. * * * *

In accordance with these rules and others which he prescribed to himself, Charles applied himself industriously to the prosecution of his studies, and to other employments calculated to improve his mind. He used frequently to remark, that the sources of a man's happiness must be within himself; and hence he was eager to possess himself of rich stores of useful and interesting knowledge. A considerable part of his leisure at this period was devoted to choice reading; the British Classics he perused with great delight. Of the poets, Milton, Young, Cowper, Montgomery, and Shakespeare, were his favorites. He continued also to amuse himself occasionally with attempts at poetical composition. A few more specimens of these efforts are here inserted, which were written during his fifteenth and sixteenth years.

"The following verses suggested themselves on reading *Thomson's History of the Late War.*"

The thunder of battle had ceased in our land,
And hush'd was the tumult of war on the plain;
The warrior ungirded his slaughter-stain'd brand,
And the rose had long bloom'd o'er the grave of the slain.

The flag of our country wav'd proudly on high,
In the far distant climes of the "isles of the sea,"
And every land spread beneath the blue sky,
Bore the prints of the march of the *Sons* of the *Free.*

O who but would pray with a patriot's zeal,
That thus might the land of his fathers remain;
That ne'er the dire conflict's dread jar might she feel,
Nor see her bright fields red with blood-shed again.

But shall *she* then, whose pride was once humbled so low
By our sires, heap oppression and scorn on their race?
No;—rather their life's blood in torrents shall flow,
And sooner their country shall rock to its base.

---

And hark! the cannons roar
Rolls onward to the shore
Like the mutt'ring of the thunder in the dark brown cloud:
And a voice comes on the wave
Like the requiem o'er the brave
When the mermaid binds the warrior in his sea-green shroud.

War wakes its dire alarms,
Our country calls,—to arms!
'Tis Britain throws the gauntlet at our feet once more;
She was our father's foe,
They laid her Lion low;
Let's meet her like our fathers then, and we shall lay him lower.

---

Now ye heroes, rouse from slumber!
Valor points your glorious way;
Join—increase the warlike number,
Standing eager for the fray.

Steel your hearts, ye sons of ocean!
Bare your arms for toil and blood;
Show the world by your devotion,
That your country's cause is good.

Hark! the shout that went *to heaven*—
Now the battle is begun;
Heart and hand to conflict given,
Till the deadly work be done.

But O Muse, pass silent over
All the horrors of the fight.
Slaughter'd son and sire and lover,
O conceal the dreadful sight.

Let those deeds alone of glory,
That exalt our country's name,
Be the theme of song and story;—
War shines thus—the road to fame.

---

## ADDRESS IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Sent on love's errand by my owner's hand,
To you, her Friends, a suppliant I come;
Bound, in obedience to her strict command,
To ask your favors, and then hasten home.

With tokens then, to long acquaintance due,
Of friendship pure and love without alloy,
Prompted by virtue, and inscribed by you,
Adorn these leaves, and I return with joy.

---

## A FRAGMENT.

Why do ye walk along so slow,
Men of the warm and bounding soul?
Have *ye* ere felt the throb of woe,
Or the full tear of sorrow roll?

I thought, within these quiet walls,
That ye were free from grief and care;
That *Pleasure's* home, was learning's halls,
And nought but sunshine entered there.

I could not think that eyes so bright
With hope and joy—and brow so brave—
Would so soon lose their living light,
And fade and moulder in the grave.

I thought that— * * * *

---

## FAREWELL TO THE ALBUMS.

Farewell to thee, thou little book;
Farewell to all thy numerous train,
I will not on thy pages look
To write another word again.

'Twas thou that first entic'd my feet
To venture near the Muses' hill;
And then I found the draught so sweet,
I fain would stay to take my fill.

I ever, for thy owner's sake,
Have shown thee tenderness and care,
But henceforth this fair warning take,
And tell thy brethren too, beware!

For should ye near my precincts stray,
O, I should tremble for your fate!
And ye will surely rue the day,
And mourn your lot when 'tis too late.

Then go, thou little wand'rer, go;
'Twere needless now for me to tell
The reasons why I treat thee so;
They are sufficient—Fare-thee-well.

---

## A FAREWELL.

Farewell Eliza—we have met,
And while life lasts, O I can never
The joy I've known with thee forget;—
But now we part—perhaps forever!

Thus Friendship throws her silken chain
Round those who seem that nought can sever;
But soon the chord is snapt in twain—
They part—perhaps, like us, forever!

But there's a world supremely bright,
Where grief is heard at parting never;
Where *Friendship* dwells in heavenly light,
And *Love* endures—pure—warm forever.

Farewell! then, since on earth we find,
Time soon will all connections sever;
Save only that blest tie of mind,
Which there endures—unchanged, forever!

## ON THE DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

Say—did ye hear that swelling cry
  That rose so loud to heaven?
It went from bosoms beating high
  With joy, for blessings given.

And hark!—the cannon's deaf'ning roar,
  Successive thunders pealing;
From inland hills to distant shore,
  It wakes the noblest feeling.

And hark!—that dying sound—again
  What glorious notes it raises!
It is the choir's enchanting strain;
  Our Father's God it praises.

But lo! that swelling cry is gone—
  Deep hush'd that cannon's thunder—
And e'en that choir's enlivening tone
  Is mute in fearful wonder.

For they—the Patriarchs—loved and blest,
  High crown'd with age and glory,
Have sought in peace a hallowed rest;
  Their names entombed in *Story*.

From what we have seen of Charles' poetical talents, it may be supposed that had he thought proper to devote his attention to poetry,

he might have done it with considerable success. This however he did not judge expedient; and accordingly with his characteristic deliberation, he writes as follows.

"From an attempt now made to write a verse of poetry, it is pretty evident, that whatever of fame may be obtained by me in after life, is not to be found on the Muses' hill. Some other path seems to be marked out for me, which I shall do well to follow. So henceforth —*I renounce the courtship of the Nine.*"

It is not known that after this, he ever wrote a line of poetry. He had become persuaded that other pursuits were of paramount importance; and it was a trait in his character worthy of remark, that when convinced that a given course was on the whole to be preferred, he always proceeded immediately to conform his conduct to the dictates of his judgment, instead of suffering himself to be swayed by inclination. And he was wont to value every pursuit in proportion as it seemed calculated to *qualify for usefulness;* believing it to be the appropriate business of existence, to contribute to the welfare and happiness of mankind.

## CHAPTER III.

Enters College—His feelings on the occasion—Personal appearance—Standing as a scholar—Remarks relative to his correspondence—Correspondence—Interesting state of College—Becomes interested in the subject of Religion—Letter giving an account of the change in his views—Remarks—Farther extracts from his correspondence—Remarks.

In the autumn of 1826, having completed his preparatory studies, Charles became a member of Yale College. This period was one to which he had for some time looked forward with no small degree of anxiety. He was now in his seventeenth year; and had hitherto enjoyed without interruption the quiet and the indulgencies of home; but from these he was about to be removed. This, however, was not the principal ground of his solicitude. He greatly feared the influence of the numerous temptations incident to college life; and often remarked that it appeared to him of the highest consequence that a student

should possess fixed and unbending principles. That his own were of this description, none, it is believed, who knew him will be disposed to question; for although mildness and moderation were striking features in his character, his conduct was always marked with energy and decision.

His appearance at the time he entered college, was highly prepossessing. His person was rather tall, erect, and well formed; his deportment modest and retiring, yet remarkably dignified and manly; his manners and address easy, unembarassed, and engaging. Add to this, that it was evident to all that he possessed talents of the highest order, and feelings the most correct and honorable, and it will not appear surprising that he soon became, among his classmates, in an eminent degree respected and beloved.

The course of systematic industry to which he had previously become accustomed, he still continued to pursue; and his standing as a scholar was such as it was natural to expect from his abilities and diligence. At the end of the first term, he received one of the three

prizes awarded to his division, for excellence in English Composition.

His affection for his sisters, and efforts for their improvement have already been noticed. When he had become settled in college, he made it his regular custom to write them a letter every week. He wrote also frequently to his mother, and occasionally to other friends.

We shall make pretty ample extracts from his correspondence, for two reasons. In the first place, it is believed that his letters are of a character to be read with *interest;* and those of them addressed to his sisters, in which, with all the particularity of the most ardent wishes for their welfare, he advises them in relation to the cultivation of their minds and manners, may perhaps be read with *benefit* by those of similar age and circumstances. They certainly evince accuracy of observation, correctness of sentiment, and maturity of judgment.—And further, there is probably no way in which character can be studied to greater advantage, than as it is exhibited in these confidential effusions, which are at once the unlabored efforts of the intellect, and the sincere—unaffected

language of the heart. More particularly may this be supposed to be true in a case like the present, where the monotony of college life necessarily furnishes but little of characteristic incident.

---

New Haven, Wednesday, Oct. 1826.

DEAR SISTER,

Instead of sitting down by my table at home, as I now begin to call Yale, to answer your letter, I have taken my seat in Papa's office. We have just been into the Chapel to hear the weekly speaking, and the criticisms of the Professor; and next week, we also shall be called on in our turn. I am thus far pleased with college life, and every day affords something to strengthen my attachment. Although some mornings, when the air seems to have an extra chill, the college bell appears to sound with appalling tones, yet by the time its never ceasing peal calls to *breakfast*, there seems a pleasing harmony in its toll. Here every thing is timed by the bell; studying, eating, sleeping, all go by the bell. There is time enough for every

thing, but none to spare. So that when I write home, I must work hard and get my lesson quick, and then make my pen fly nimbly for a few moments, and you have a letter.

The object of correspondence, in connection with the pleasure derived from intercourse with our friends, should be to instruct and improve each other. It does not belong to the student alone, to reflect; although his business is chiefly—nay, exclusively, the cultivation of his mind, yet every one is possessed of talents equally with him: and as nothing was ever given for our misimprovement or abuse, it follows of course, that all should feel the importance of cultivating the understanding to the utmost of their power. Now here you have a mind capable, (or rather which can be made capable by application, which is the same thing,) of comprehending the knowledge of all that is good, great, and important to be understood; and unless you employ its powers rightly, you are not only depriving yourself of that respect, and (which is far preferable) of that never-failing source of enjoyment which is possessed by the virtuous and the learned, but you

are also laying yourself under the weighty responsibility of neglecting to improve the talents which you have received. I was glad to find, therefore, that my proposition met with your approbation. For if we can, by mutually attending to the maintainance of a constant intercourse, forward this object, viz. the cultivation of our minds, the time which we shall devote to it must certainly be considered as profitably employed.

As you all like to know how I get along, I can assure you that I am able to get my lessons, and perform other necessary duties, pretty easily and agreeably, although the fashionable monster, Dyspepsia, would fain assert his right to propagate a few notions in the region of my brain: but I am in joyful hopes that next week, when it is expected our regular exercises in the Gymnasium will commence, I shall be enabled to give his Monstership a polite dismission from the premises.

Upon reading over what I wrote somewhat hastily last evening, I find some parts which I think might be improved. Now this is my plan: I wish you every week to examine my

letters attentively, and to point out to me, in yours, with a critic's finger, every fault. Let every particular be noticed; and I promise you it will be advantageous to us all. Our Professor told us the other day, that among the various kinds of composition to which we shall attend this year, will be that of letter-writing; and as soon as we receive our instructions on that subject, I will transmit them to you; and then, says I, we will have our letters written in fine style. But as it may be necessary for me in the mean time, occasionally to tell you a plain story, I shall beg leave to do it without his Professorship's assistance.

I am pleased to hear your school is to commence so soon. You are now old enough to attend it with a definite object in view. Consider it not as a mere thing of course to go to school—to spend a few hours in the school-room, as it were a *duty*, of regular occurrence, and therefore to be performed indifferently, or totally neglected; but remember it is a *privilege* which but few, comparatively very few, are permitted to enjoy; and the neglect of which were, in you, not only ingratitude, but sin.

I wish to have you inform me of the studies you are to pursue, and the progress you make; which I trust will be creditable to yourselves, and encouraging to all your friends. The books I sent, I hope you were pleased with: I shall endeavor to send an interesting one to-morrow.—Give my love to all.

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

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Yale College, Friday, Nov. 1826.

DEAR SISTERS,

* * * * * *

We begin now to study in good earnest; as the time for study, namely, cold, short days, and long nights, has arrived; and we make the most of it, I can assure you. I suppose you too begin to see that the proper season for improvement, both of the year, and of life, has come; and I hope you will see its advantages, and rightly appreciate and use them. You may be assured, that as the right performance

of duty, renders the inclemencies of Autumn incapable of souring the temper, or of marring your enjoyment, so the reflection that time has been spent well, and no duty left neglected, will make the autumn of your life rich in pleasures, and every moment of existence sweet.

You probably attend school steadily—performing all your tasks, and *cheerfully* obeying all the commands of your instructor. Now, unless you cheerfully obey, obedience, (if indeed it can be called obedience,) is one of the most irksome duties imaginable. And so you will find, on the contrary, cheerful obedience the source of much happiness. It affords satisfaction both at the time of performance, and (which is far better) long afterwards.

Our regular Gymnastic exercises have begun. The commencing exercises are very simple and easy; but I declare I thought the other day, if Mamma had seen with me, as I was looking from my window, a tall student mounted on the top of a mast, at least seventy feet high, and there balancing himself on his breast, with his feet extended on one side, and his head on the other, she would have been

somewhat loth to permit me to commence performing feats, however simple and beneficial, which might terminate in ones so hazardous as this. However, as I am generally more content with terra firma than middle air, I think there is but little probability of my having my head so high in the world at present.

Now it is about half past four; and I have just come from the recitation room, where I was called on to recite. I could not help thinking, as I took my seat to day, calm and collected as if I had been reciting at home before the family, how different it was last week at this time. Then we were strangers to each other, and our tutor, and every one's voice, by its slight trembling, gave evidence of embarrassment. Now every one thinks, as he rises, he is surrounded by his friends—his class-mates—his brothers. I believe this is the grand reason why we hear so little of home-sickness in college; we have left our home, but we have found another.

It is amusing too, as well as instructive, to observe the different persons of which our numerous family is composed; and to con-

template the diversity of character and sentiments it exhibits. Every day discloses some new trait, and every hour affords fresh proof of the individuality of our species, and of the strength and beauty of those harmonious ties, which can bind together in peace and love so promiscuous a multitude.

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The bell rings, and I must lay down my pen and take my book.

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

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Yale College, Friday, Nov. 1826.

MY SISTERS,

I have been and borrowed a pen from one of my class-mates to use for the few moments of leisure we have until prayers, in answering your letter.

In the first place, (as men generally think of themselves first,) I have had a severe cold, for some days past; but last evening a class-mate came up to my room, and told me I must take some of the sovereign remedy, viz. bone-

set tea: and accordingly I was dosed off well last night, and to-day feel much better again. In the next place, (to keep self uppermost still,) one short week brings Thanksgiving; and I hope will also bring your brother home; when, if my cold, or some other unfavorable accident does not alter the case, and I am in the full possession of the delightful appetite I have enjoyed this term, mother need not fear lest I should do injustice to her dainties. As usual, I suppose the "note of preparation" has already been, or shortly will be sounded; and the chopping of meat, and screaming of pigs and poultry, and the pounding and grinding of allspice and pepper, and the clattering of plates, and the red faces of the good folks at the oven, will give bustling and brisk intimation of the approach of merry Thanksgiving. It is one of the thousand proofs that we have of the goodness of our forefathers' hearts, and of the correctness of their judgements, that they instituted so joyous a festival, and accompanied its celebration with so many manifestations of prosperity and happiness. For who can look around at Thanksgiving upon the richness of

the bounties which greet him on every side, without feeling his heart warmed with gratitude to the Infinite Benevolence that bestowed them, and becoming better for the feeling.

When I commenced my letter, I said it was to be in answer to yours; but so far from answering, I have not yet mentioned it. However, better late than never. Upon looking over M——'s part, I must say, I am pleased with her intention as to her conduct, both at school, and at home. Although from her age, I could have expected nothing less than a determination to "learn all she could" in the one case, and to "be as useful as possible" in the other; still I am glad she has so frankly committed it to paper, because a resolution in plain black and white, looks more like real design than the mere formation of it in the mind: and I cannot hesitate to believe, that it is her firm purpose to conform to the very letter of the declaration. Of one thing she may be—she doubtless is, certain, that from such conduct will result pure pleasure to herself, and the highest gratification to her friends.

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

Yale College, Saturday, Dec. 1626.

DEAR C——

As I found a joint letter from yourself and M——, on Monday, right it is that you should receive an answer. I was pleased to find your part written in so good a style; there is yet, however, great room for improvement. A lady's hand-writing should be plain, rather fine, and very true and neat. In all your letters, you should select the best words you can think of, as by so doing, you acquire a knowledge of language: still, avoid those which seem far-fetched, as they would tend to make your style appear stiff and awkward. Be particular in your pointing also; otherwise your meaning may be obscured, and often appear ridiculous. Whenever you intend to write a letter, do not put it off till the last moment; for by so doing, you are unable to pay that particular attention to every part, which is necessary in order to derive any advantage from the exercise. Letter-writing is considered the easiest, and if properly conducted, the most beautiful species of composition. The subject is generally very

simple, but admitting of much embellishment. Often you have an opportunity to introduce sentiments and observations, which, if aptly applied, give great force and beauty to your epistles.

You doubtless attend school punctually, and do your best while there; but it is the time at home I wish to know the most about. How do you spend that? Do you get a lesson every evening, or not? I hope yourself and M—— will be able to answer these questions satisfactorily when I come home; otherwise, I shall not after that write you any more letters; thinking that you care so little about them, it would be a waste of time. Can you answer every question in Geography and Grammar? There is need, then, of more study there. But—Geography and Grammar—why they are nothing comparatively; and yet, you are not well acquainted even with these. I say this not to discourage, nor disparagingly; for I presume you understand these branches of knowledge as well as most young girls of your acquaintance and age. But what I mean is,

that you should feel the importance of learning, and act accordingly.

Mrs. Royal, I dare say, afforded you a great deal of amusement; judging from what I have seen and heard of her book. You had an opportunity also, to see the appearance a lady makes when out of place; a thing which you will assuredly confess, should be carefully avoided.

This afternoon, it is in contemplation to unite all the classes under their respective Monitors, and make a short march to East Rock in Gymnastic style. But the present coolness of the air, and threatning appearance of the clouds, somewhat damp the ardour manifested in the morning. Just like life; bright, sunny, and gay in the morning, but frequently overshadowed with darkness at noon-day. Let us then obtain those means for making our existence perpetual sunshine, which are possessed only by the learned and the good.

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

Yale College, Dec. 1826.

DEAR MOTHER,

I have taken the liberty of encroaching a little upon my study hours, to write a word or two to you. I did indeed forget, in my last, to send you a single line: but did you therefore think I had forgotten you, Mother? Every returning week brings with it too many indications of your continual recollection of your son, to give a place for forgetfulness in him. I acknowledge apparent neglect; but the never-ceasing routine of business, and the imperious call of duties to be performed, make me almost forget myself. But never mind: in all this hurry, a word from home will always ensure an answer; and signs of remembrance there, call for a return, too loudly to be disregarded.

The pies too—not a word of them! Well it was strange: but do not think because I did not mention, I therefore did not love them. The empty plates declare, that if indeed their source was not regarded, their contents received a goodly share of our attention.

It is a beautiful night; and the shouts of the students, every now and then, show that they are out to enjoy it. You, I suppose, are quietly sitting in your bedroom, rocking to sleep that noisy baby, and seeing, I hope, with a great deal of pleasure, M—— learning her lesson, or together with C——, writing that composition which is to give me so much pleasure, and to lead the way for others, which will tend so much to improve their minds, and consequently to increase their respectability, usefulness and happiness. Tell M—— I was much pleased with her discovering the faults in my last letter, and that I hope she will attentively examine this; and find, and report to me every place where the sense might be better expressed, and the words better written and spelt. And so, proceeding from small things to those of more importance, learn critically to observe the beauties, and the defects of the characters of those around her, and with the utmost nicety to imitate the one, and avoid the other.

And now, as time presses, I must stop my pen, feeling a great deal easier, that I have en-

deavored to account for the *appearance* of what, were it real, would indicate a wonderful change in

Your Son,

CHARLES.

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New Haven, Dec. 1829.

DEAR MOTHER,

I have been so busy the past week, that I came into the office now, without having written a word home. Here, however, Papa told me you would certainly believe me sick, unless you had a written declaration to the contrary. So to prevent all mistakes, I thought it no more than reasonable that I should just sit down to let you know that your own son Charles Pond, is still a resident in the goodly city of New Haven, a member of the college located in the same, being at present in pretty good estate, considering the weather and other unfavorable circumstances, and expecting (nothing preventing,) to visit the home of his nativity, on Wednesday next:—which is all, at present from

Your affectionate Son,

CHARLES.

Yale College, Saturday, Feb. 1827.

DEAR MOTHER,

After leaving you on Wednesday, we had a pleasant ride of about an hour and a half, and arrived safe at Yale again. We were all much pleased with our visit, and resolved to make as many more as we consistently can, in coming time. Truly, as Dominie Sampson would have said, such visitations are marvellously agreeable, and refreshing to the mind of youths. But nevertheless, wholesome restraints must needs be imposed on the desire of such recreations, lest peradventure that we should lose sight of more important and noble objects, which should ever be kept in view, in the alluring pursuit of relaxation. However, I trust the few times I shall take a peep at home will be no essential detriment to my scholarship, but rather by giving a little loose to invigorating recreation, my mind may be enabled to apply itself more closely to my studies. * *

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Your affectionate Son,

CHARLES.

Yale College, March, 1827.

MY SISTERS,

I received and read with much pleasure, your separate parts of the same letter, on Monday; and in compliance with justice and my own inclination, I have taken my stand at my desk to spend a few moments in inditing an answer.

You hoped I would pay attention to your letters. Be assured I do so; and consequently it is proper that I make the same request of you. Not but that I am persuaded you pay them as much attention as they, as letters, deserve; but as containing advice, which I hope would if regarded, be of advantage to you, I flatter myself that they cannot be cherished too nicely, or inspected too often.

You mentioned in your last, that mama smiled at my account of my tailoring; but I believe could she see my coat at present, she would think I made but little use of my skill in the art.—However, when I set about it in earnest, with my needle, thread and scissors, and no thimble, I make quite a respectable appearance for a gentleman tailor!

We have had for a few days past, exceeding cold weather, and as you can well imagine, have experienced all the pleasures of rising at six o'clock to prayers. You I suppose, rise, if not at six, yet certainly by sunrise, as we are then just breakfasting, and think the greater part of the morning gone. It is, you may rest assured, the most healthful practice imaginable, and attended with the greatest benefits in other respects. Be very careful not to lie till breakfast time; as from experience, I give my testimony to its injurious effects. And believe me, the habit once acquired, is most inveterate; and therefore, should you perceive the least tendency in yourselves towards it, make a bold and decisive effort to overcome it, and you will always commend yourselves for so doing.

I was pleased to find you so far complying with my wishes, as to devote so much time to writing last week; especially when it gave me so much pleasure to read your account of your manner of spending time. Among what you very justly style "useful if not elegant accomplishments," viz: knitting, working lace, studying Geography, &c. you mention reading.—

I hope you read proper books, and try to remember what you read. Because the object in relation to all these acquisitions, should be, that we may be able to make use of them in the concerns of life; therefore to make reading subservient to this object, you must treasure up in your memory every thing you find useful and interesting; as thus, you not only strengthen the memory, one of the most important mental faculties, but you also obtain materials for future usefulness. But as it is growing late I must close for to-night.

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

During the greater part of the winter of 1826-7, the religious aspect of college had been promising. An unusual spirit of prayer, and uncommon zeal in the discharge of christian duty, were apparent in the church. In addition to the ordinary means of grace, a sermon was usually delivered in the Theological Chamber, on Saturday evening, when large numbers of the students were present, exhibiting peculiar seriousness and attention. About the first of

March, it was evident that God had begun to pour out his Spirit; several were awakened by the power of truth, and were anxious to learn the way to eternal life. Charles was one of the first who entertained a hope of having found peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. All the particulars relative to his feelings at this time, are detailed in the following letter to an intimate friend.

Yale College, March, 1827.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have commenced my letter early in the week, so as to be able if possible, to give you an exact account of all the workings of my own mind, and the operations of the Spirit, when I was called to see my hopeless situation as a transgressor of the law of God; and was enabled, as I humbly hope, to cast myself on the mercy of the Saviour for salvation. And oh, that the Father of all mercies would grant me a full supply of the riches of his grace, and aid me to spend a life forfeited to death, in furthering the interests of the Redeemer on that

earth, where he suffered and died to ransom its guilty inhabitants.

For some time past there has been a Sermon preached in the Theological Chamber, on Saturday evenings by some one of the Faculty or Theological Students; and they are of the most practical and pointed kind. It was by one of these that my feelings were more particularly excited, but they might all have subsided in a few days, had I not been invited by a young man of the most fervent piety, (to whom I feel under the greatest obligations) to attend an inquiry meeting of Doct. T's on the succeeding Monday evening. Here I had set before me, in the strongest possible light, my situation, and the course of conduct necessary to be pursued immediately, or I should be daily involving myself in greater danger and difficulties. Several times during the evening as he pressed the point of an instantaneous resolution to become a christian, did I feel strong in the determination to renounce the world and return to God. But when the pleasures of sin, and the difficulties of a holy life occurred to my mind, I felt a great inclination to put off the work a little longer;

until some of my present difficulties should be obviated, and I should have more leisure to devote to the business. However, when Doct. T. requested all who felt disposed, to call at his room at any time, and said that he would be pleased to converse with any one after the meeting had dispersed, I left the room with the rest, (excepting one Sophomore who remained) but on going into the hall something whispered; go back, or you may lose your soul forever. I felt my cheek burning at the thought of going before a man like Doct. T. to confess my sins; and I suppose too the idea of coming out before my classmates and the world, as one who meant to renounce the pursuit of worldly pleasure for the love of God, added a little to the glow; so to regain my calmness and consider a little before I proceeded farther, I took my seat in the window, and never before had I such a conflict with my feelings. You cannot imagine my situation. The night was dark and stormy, and as I sat and heard the wind whistling round the steeple of the Chapel, I felt the loneliness of my situation, the blood rushed in haste to my face, and my feelings became too strong for

control. How much longer I should have continued here, I know not, had not the clock commenced striking the hour directly above my head. At every stroke of the bell, the still small voice was heard, bidding me beware, how I treated the strivings of the Spirit, for that hour might be the last that I should spend on earth. And thanks be to the mercy of God, who gave me at that critical moment, a determination to sleep no longer in a state of sin, but to rise and make use of all the means in my power to return to our heavenly Father. Having related my feelings, and engaged in prayer with Doct. T. and having received instructions from him, I left the room; and then again the scene recurred to my mind accompanied with the most overpowering sensations. What have I been doing? I thought to myself; and what shall I do now?—and as I gazed around on the cheering lights of the College windows, and heard the voices of their occupants raised in mirth and revelry; it appeared like a dream more than like a sober and all-important reality; and I could hardly bring myself to feel, that I was now to go on and give up all these pleasures,

and become a new creature in Christ. How too, should I appear before some of my friends? and how could I pay any attention to my lessons, which I must certainly get? In this state of distress I walked about the yard, muffling my face in my cloak, regardless of the tempestuousness of the night, and fearing I should meet some one who might laugh me out of my feelings. At times I almost determined to abandon all concern, and return to my accustomed state of mind, and then shuddering at the thought of losing the day of grace and of being forsaken of the Spirit; at length I resolved to go to a friend's room and stay during the night, and there to make my peace with God. Consequently I proceeded up stairs to the door, and after having walked a few times through the entry to summon resolution, I entered and sat down. Here again was another trial, but after having told my feelings to my friend, and having conversed and prayed together till a late hour, we retired to rest.

In the morning I could scarcely bear the idea of going out among my acquaintance, as I feared their influence, and the weakness of my own

resolutions; but my friend having persuaded me that all necessary duties must be attended to, as far as the state of my feelings would warrant, I was enabled to go through my lessons and other exercises, and still keep the great work constantly before me. For the two following days my feelings were much the same; I was in darkness as to what it was necessary for me to do, and as far as I can judge of my own feelings, I was trying to make myself better, and more prepared to become a Christian, not believing that I must or could come with all my sins upon me, and cast myself at the foot of the cross, and receive forgiveness of my iniquities from the Saviour as an act of free grace on his part. But I would fain purchase it myself, so as to take some of the praise to myself, of my salvation. My heart was too proud and stubborn to bend low in the dust, and implore mercy on my guilty head, as a lost and dying worm, but I must do something which would lay God under obligations to forgive my sins. At times I could contemplate my vileness and catch a faint glimpse of the character of the Redeemer, but still I was unable to understand

the gospel way of salvation, and unwilling (although I did not think so then) to accept the atonement of Christ as the only means through which I could ever hope for mercy. And, although I felt willing to receive and acknowledge the Lord Jesus as my Saviour on condition of his granting me assurance of forgiveness and reconciliation; yet I could by no means bring myself to submit unreservedly to God as my Maker and Supreme disposer, and to love him for his own character, and not because he would ever show mercy to me. In short, I was a proud and rebellious sinner, ready to dethrone the King of Heaven, if I had the power, and take into my own hands the direction of my fate, and rule the universe at will. I soon went to Doct. T. again, and told him my difficulties, and received directions. I returned to my room and there determined to give myself away to God. After much struggling and anguish of spirit, I was at length enabled, as I would humbly trust, to make an entire and unreserved dedication of all my faculties, of soul and body, to the service of the Saviour, and at the foot of the cross to receive pardon from my God.—

Since that hour, oh, how changed have been my views of life, and death, and eternity;—of the character of God and the Saviour;—of his service and the interests of his cause on earth;—of my own responsibilities, duties, and desires;—of the condition of sinners and the professed disciples of Christ;—and although I am still far from God, yet I can say with a heart responding to the words, that I have enjoyed moments which I would not exchange for all the vain objects of this lower world, and all the happiness the worldling ever felt.

Yours very affectionately,

CHARLES.

Such was the process of feeling by which he came to indulge the christian hope; a process which it is believed, must commend itself to every one, as strikingly simple, rational, and intelligible. From this time he exhibited the active devotedness of a decided christian. The affectionate earnestness with which he conversed with those of his classmates over whom he supposed he might exert an influence, in relation to what he now regarded as their highest

interests, it is to be hoped, will not be soon forgotten. His efforts to do good, were characterized by a modesty and delicacy which always secured them a kind reception, although they might fail of producing the desired result.

We have already seen from his correspondence with his sisters, with what particularity he pointed out to them those habits and accomplishments, the acquisition of which, he thought necessary to their usefulness and happiness in the world. He now regarded religion, as of every other, the crowning excellence. He felt, that for the intercourse of life, it gave a loveliness to character, which no merely external graces could impart; and that to the highest personal enjoyment here, and as a qualification for an immortal life hereafter, it was absolutely indispensable. Accordingly he began immediately, with earnestness to recommend the subject to their attention.

This will be seen from some of the following letters.

Yale College, Tuesday, March, 1827.

MY SISTERS,

I have begun thus early in the week, and thus near the top of the sheet, because I have determined to write considerable. I was as usual, much pleased with the letter which I received from C—— on Monday: her hand writing is improving fast, and I think promises fair to be soon a very neat and graceful hand. M—— must pay all possible attention to hers also; for, as she is the oldest, it is always natural to suppose her the most accomplished in every thing useful and amiable.

But while I thus recommend care and attention in relation to your external accomplishments, I would chiefly impress on your minds at this time the importance of the utmost regard to your eternal interests; as they are the only subjects which can claim the supreme attention of any created being. And be assured that every word I am about to say, will be dictated by the purest love to you, and the deepest solicitude for your happiness. For, (with gratitude to our Maker would I say it,) I have been led during the past week by the goodness

and mercy of God, to a contemplation of my hopeless situation as a transgressor of his laws, and a despiser of his offers of reconciliation through the Saviour: and looking at the subject, therefore, as one which is worthy of the most serious and careful attention, I would recommend it to your consideration, with all the earnestness which an ardent zeal to promote your present and future welfare, can inspire. And I beseech you to consider, and endeavor to profit by what little I shall say respecting it.

Life, my dear sisters, is short and uncertain; and however prosperous or honored the living are, all must die. No age escapes the hand of death, no acquirements can debar his access, no strength oppose his power. The learned and the ignorant—the wealthy and the indigent—the aged and the young—the haughty and the lowly,—all must die. But the word of God informs us, that "after death cometh the judgment," and that on that day, a division will be made of all that have lived, and will hereafter live on earth. And can aught which this world can offer, enable us to stand that decision, or meet the sentence which we know will be

pronounced? Oh no. Nothing but a hope in Christ, will fit us for that hour. Then how wise, and how important, that an interest in a subject so momentous, be early felt. We are old enough to feel the truth of the declarations of Scripture, that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God: and we know that the Saviour made no distinction when on earth in his invitations to sinners; but commanded *all* to repent and believe on him. And we know too, that he ever manifested a *peculiar* love to the young; saying, *suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not:* and, *those that seek me* EARLY *shall find me.* We are but just commencing the journey of life, and we know not what may befal us on the way, and how long we shall continue in it: but whether we shall be permitted to reach old age, or whether we be called early away; religion is indispensably necessary. If the Lord is pleased to give us length of days, with religion, we shall be prepared to discharge all the duties of life in a proper manner; should our lot be prosperous and happy, we shall be willing to do our utmost to serve with faithfulness

the kind Being who smiles upon us, and our hearts will be drawn closer to our Maker in the bonds of gratitude and love. In every stage of life, Jesus will be our friend and guide—in the hour of death, our comforter and deliverer; and when our hold on life is lost, angels will bear us to the right hand of God, where we shall spend an eternity of bliss.

With ardent prayers that such may be our happy lot, I subscribe myself

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

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Yale College, Friday, March, 1827.

DEAR MOTHER,

As I have written so long a letter already to L——, I do not know as I shall be able to say a great deal in this. The girls' letter on Monday, was a good one; and has received the approbation of M——, J—— and myself, who constitute the imperial criticship, if such a word can be found elsewhere, in all matters of home relations, whether letters, cakes, or any thing else of like importance or pleasure. I think

their hand writing is much improved; and I believe that by constant attention and care, they will soon become good writers in both senses of the word. I hope they will remember the importance of improving every moment of time, and every particle of talent: for let them recollect, they enjoy peculiar privileges, and consequently, peculiar responsibility rests upon them. They live too, at a peculiar period of the world; and should they arrive at mature age, they will probably be witnesses of great and glorious doings. For although man can see but little of coming time, yet the wisest and the best of men in this and other countries, are constrained to regard the events which are now taking place in the moral world, as the precursors of that exalted period, which so often played before the prophetic vision of the inspired of other times. And although I am by no means ready to believe, that *nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation*, and that we shall immediately see all the exhibitions of that supreme love to God which will constitute the glory of that latter day which prophets have foretold; still it appears to me, that the differ-

ent associations formed by the good of our own, and other Christian nations, having for their object the dissemination of the Word of God, and the spread of the religion of Christ among the ignorant and heathen inhabitants of the *dark places of the earth*, are to be powerful means in bringing about that blessed period. I hope, therefore, as I said before, they will endeavor to realize their interesting situation, and to exert themselves to become qualified to assist in carrying on this glorious work, should Providence ever place them in circumstances where they could be advantageously employed. Let them be well assured too, that they will never have better opportunities than they now have. Their cares are few and small; they are at home. And, however, fools may sneer and witlings ridicule, they never will find a place on earth like home; for although greater advantages of education and improvement may be found elsewhere; still I believe no one can look back on the days he spent at home, without sighing over the loss of many a valuable privilege he there enjoyed. I tell you, mother, there is a magic in that word *home*, which

I am persuaded is more powerful than any however celebrated in romance, or historic truth; excepting, perhaps, I should have said that of *mother*. They are both associated so inseparably with the bright hours of childhood's happiness, and the wild scenes of boyish recklessness, that they never can be heard without exciting a thrill of the most exquisite joy. I never saw but one being, who ever knew a mother's kindness, that could speak with scorn and ridicule of that parent's admonitions of tenderness. And never did I see the power of sin, and the depth of depravity so strongly exemplified before. * * * * * * Oh how I pity his wretched mother. Would that the spirit of all grace would enter the heart of her miserable offspring, and bring him to bow in deep contrition before the mercy of that Being whose power he so dreadfully despises!

Give my love to all.

Affectionately,

Your Son,

CHARLES.

Yale College, Friday, April, 1827.

MY SISTERS,

I was much pleased with your letter on Monday; not only on account of the neatness with which it was written, but also on account of the good sentiments it contained: and while we thus speak with so much feeling respecting the *pearl of great price*, God grant, that we may all of us at last, be found to have used our utmost endeavors to become its happy possessors.

In college, it is absolutely necessary to possess religion; both to enable us to fulfil our duties as scholars, and to guard us against the thousand temptations to which we are constantly, and in a very great degree, imperceptibly exposed; and to give us a disposition to improve the opportunities afforded by a life like ours, of acquiring a knowledge of all that is important in the doctrines of the Bible, as explained and illustrated from the desk by the ablest of theologians—in the Bible class, by scientific and pious teachers—and in the writings of those who have made the truths of Scripture their almost only study. But in the

enjoyment of each other's society, religion exerts her purifying influence, in a degree almost inconceivable. She tells us to beware of intimacy with those who forget their God; but to bind to our hearts with the cords of piety and friendship, those with whom we can share our pleasures and our sorrows, while, as pilgrims and sojourners here, we fix our views upon a better world, and travel to a dearer home. Oh, I have felt my pulse beat high, when after a short absence I have met my classmates' welcome grasp; but never did the ardent pressure of the hand, and the speaking glance of warm affection, tell so much of pure and settled friendship, as when they hailed me as a Christian *brother*. Often have I met them too, in the social circle, to talk of home, and long gone days of boyhood, and the scenes of frolic and of joy which we knew long since; but never have I felt the working of a spirit too strong to be restrained, so much as when we raised our voices in the solemn song, and united in ascribing praise to him who died to save a ruined world, and in imploring the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon those dear friends with

whom we daily meet to show our progress in the path of learning, and whom we long to see united to the church of God.

I was rejoiced to hear there had been a small revival at home; and hope that all those who have experienced a change of feeling, may continue to give good evidence of real piety. The work here we hope is gradually increasing; and during the last week, one or two others of my classmates, have been brought, as we humbly trust, to renounce the world, and seek a better portion in heaven.

I suppose mother is not able to step about a great deal with that mouse of a baby yet, although the weather is so fine, and the time of the singing of the birds is coming, and the voice of the turtle is soon to be heard. You said Mary could read a little of my letter; let her try if she can read this. I HOPE YOU WILL BE A GOOD GIRL AND MIND MAMMA. I suppose Maria can read the Testament finely, so that one of these days she will be able to read a good deal of my letters, and write me too. Charlotte must try to get up to the head again, so that when the young gentlemen come home

with Charles, she will have another beautiful certificate to show them. I hope you will all write me a good long letter on Monday.

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

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Yale College, Saturday, April, 1827.

MY DEAR SISTER,

It is with feelings which I should in vain attempt to describe, that I sit down to address you; nor would I now write another word which I imagined might in the least degree, wound your feelings, did I not think it to be my duty. And I intreat you not only to read this, but to preserve it and not suffer it to leave your hands, unless to be deposited where you can resort to it at pleasure.

You, my sister, are placed in peculiar circumstances. You are the eldest, in my absence, of the family circle. On you, therefore, devolves the important office of setting such an example in *every respect*, as you would wish the younger ones to follow. And now ask yourself, I beseech you, whether you feel wil-

ling that they should imitate you, in *all* respects. Examine yourself. Do you rise in the morning before any of them, and then see that they rise and are properly dressed, and every thing respecting your clothes and room, arranged aright for breakfast? At breakfast, do you see that your mother and sisters are helped before you help yourself, and that there is no confusion or disorder at the table? Do you after breakfast, assist your mother in preparing your sisters for school, and see that they all go at a proper time? Do you prepare and go yourself in season? Do you at school, conduct in such a manner as to give satisfaction to your teacher and parents, and your own conscience? Do you at home, strictly obey your mother, and endeavor, as far as you are able, to assist and please her; and do you pay strict attention to the conduct of your sisters, and see that they too, do the same? In short, is your whole conduct such as to give you satisfaction in reflecting upon it? Now I do not, by any of these enquiries, declare that it is not as I should hope, in one who has now arrived at years of discretion, and who is so peculiarly situated as you

are. I only wish you to read these interrogations frequently, and with attention: and, as a pure desire for your welfare, dictated them, so also, when I know that you can answer each one of them to your own conscience, without the least reserve, will my satisfaction in having such a sister, be increased. * * *

Your Brother,
CHARLES.

A little before the close of the spring term, he was at home on a short visit. After his return, he writes as follows to his mother.

Yale College, May 1st, 1827.

DEAR MOTHER,

After a pleasant visit at home, I reached college again on Monday noon, in health and pretty good spirits; although before night, the reaction, as metaphysicians, I suppose, would call it, of the excitement, made me feel rather dull and melancholy. But my accustomed studies, and the novelty of performance at a society's exhibition, have restored me again to my wonted state of feeling; and things are going on as

regularly as ever. The first thing that struck me, when I sat down to think of my visit, was the great change which every body seemed to have undergone at home, since I saw them last. I had formerly been too apt to measure out my respect for the good folks of Milford, in proportion to the fineness of their garments, or the gracefulness of their demeanor. But I now paid more attention to the evidences of their principles. And when I looked round in meeting, and saw some of those, whom I had formerly been too ready to look upon with something like pity for their ignorance of worldly accomplishments, seeming so eager to catch every word which fell from the lips of the reverend preacher, I could almost envy their contented and teachable dispositions, connected with that christian humility, which our Saviour so strikingly exemplified while on earth. Christians of every description seemed nearer to me than any other class of people, and more worthy of high respect.

We have nearly finished the duties of this term, and can now look back upon two thirds of our first, 'year collegiate,' which has gone

like a dream. Thus, in all probability shall we feel, when we have arrived at the close, not only of our college course, but of our mortal life. Lofty mountains rise in appalling magnitude before us, but we find nothing behind us but transitory visions. Yet I think, if any period leaves a more vivid impress of its passage than another, it must be the time spent here. No one that has not learned it from experience, can have any idea of the frequency of those occasions, wheni mpressions the most powerful, are made upon the mind—impressions, which must naturally implant themselves so deeply in the memory, that they can never be obliterated.—For myself, I have felt since I entered college, as if I was engaged in a course of life, higher in its nature, and more peculiar in its character, than I had before conceived; and I feel assured, that whatever may be my conditon in after-life, recollection will present the scenes of college to my view, in a light which will exhibit their connexion with the happiest hours of my existence.

Please give my love to all.

Affectionately Your Son,

CHARLES.

The following letter, written during the spring vacation, exhibits very happily his easy wit, combined with elegance of sentiment and expression.

TO A COUSIN.

Milford, May 7th, 1827.

COUSIN C——,

I suppose you have looked at the signature, and as your surprise at seeing my name, is probably over now, I will just inform you how I came to write so unexpected an epistle. You must know then, that I am at home in the spring vacation, and it being a very rainy day, I walked up stairs into my Aunt's room, for the purpose of writing to some of my absent friends; and as I was looking about for writing materials, my eye fell on a letter, the superscription of which I instantly knew to be your hand-writing; and without waiting a moment to deliberate on the propriety or impropriety of the act, I soon became engaged in the contents. Now, 'says I to myself,' I will see whether cousin has forgot-

ten old times. So on I went till at length my eye met "Your sincere friend, C——." Again I ran over a few of the last lines; but not a word could I find, that could be construed into the least intimation of remembrance of myself. Now I have no doubt, cousin, but it appears mighty presumptuous to you, that I should think of being mentioned in a young lady's correspondence; and so perhaps, from the nature of the case, would it strike the mind of every one. But let it be remembered, Miss, it is no trifling affair to be neglected, when one feels such perfect innocence of every thing which might be made just ground of such neglect. Now, 'says I to myself' again, this moment I'll sit down and try to compose myself enough to dictate, if I cannot write myself, a few lines to this young lady, and demand an explanation. And therefore, Madam, I beg you will with all candor and frankness, answer a few queries, and much oblige your humble servant.

Can any reason be assigned for such neglect? And if any, what are the grounds on which it is based? Did I not use all the means in my power, when you was in the goodly "land

of steady habits," to render your situation as pleasant as possible? Did I not watch every opportunity to show my eager desire to manifest towards your ladyship all possible politeness? In a word, "have you any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced against you according to law?" Far be it from me to transgress the well known laws of honorable courtesy, in my demands of an explanation respecting this mystericus affair; I only request your ladyship to consider these brief interrogations, and if you esteem them worthy an answer, to grant me a speedy return.

And now cousin, if you will give me credit for any sincerity, I really should be much pleased with a letter from you; and I hope you will often think of re-visiting us, until the idea becomes a reality. You say the recollection of the time you spent with us, often brings with it unhappiness; and that sometimes you are almost led to regret the gratification your visit gave us. Oh, no—when you find the scenes of your return to the home of your childhood bring up to your view any thing which you can rank with the bright hours of life, you should suffer re-

membrance to paint it with a livelier hue, till imagination removes the time and distance, and then the warmth of enjoyment will be kindled again. Now I believe, that much of the pleasure we feel in our pilgrimage, is derived from retrospection. Why I can sit down sometimes, when I feel a slight touch of the dark eyed genius, and before I really know whither I am going, I find myself laughing at some of the odd things of this life, which occurred when I was a little aproned boy, but just old enough to know that there were two sides to fortune's picture. I dare say you too, sometimes find yourself under that large elm tree which spreads itself so majestically, in the yard back of the mansion house, a romping girl of four or five years of age, with a light heart, sporting on the green turf, and gazing at the cloudless skies. There, now I want you to burn this nonsense as soon as you have read it; and when I write again, I shall try to be a plain New England student.

Yours truly,

CHARLES.

It seems appropriate here, to make a remark or two in relation to the influence of the change in Charles' religious views and feelings, as detailed in the preceeding letters, upon his character; more particularly, as his example may serve to correct an impression but too common among the young, which is as pernicious in its influence, as it is unreasonable and ill-founded. Many entertain the idea, that religion necessarily throws a gloom over the vivacity of youthful feeling, clouds its bright visions of enjoyment, and renders the character forbidding and unlovely. Such, evidently, was not its influence on him. On the contrary, he habitually exhibited that cheerfulness, which is the natural offspring of a mind at peace within itself, and benevolently desirous of contributing to the happiness of others. And his own testimony in relation to his enjoyment, is, as we have already seen—that he "would not exchange it for all the vain objects of this lower world." Those who knew him will remember, that he was still the frank and affable companion, and others may infer from his correspondence, that his heart was not the seat of gloomy or unsocial feel-

ings. Indeed it is perfectly obvious, that while, with a piety of the most ardent and genuine character, he aimed *to have a conscience void of offence, towards God and towards man*, he fully realized the truth of the assertion, that wisdom's ways are pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

## CHAPTER IV.

Religious character—Letters—Decline of his health—Diary—Remarks on his diary—Diligence and success in his studies—Letters—Themes—Finds it necessary to relinquish his studies on account of his health—Leaves college—Letters illustrative of his feelings on the occasion.

It is too frequently the case, not only in college but in almost every situation, that those who have but recently begun to hope that they are christians, manifest an unwillingness to take on themselves the full responsibilities of the christian character. For although they regard themselves as interested in the subject of religion, yet as they have not avowed before the world their determination of devotedness to Christ, they seem to themselves to stand on a kind of middle ground, where it is not to be expected that they should exhibit the same activity in duty, as those who have been long and openly walking in the fear of the Lord. And under

the influence of such an opinion, making little or no effort to exhibit the influence of religion upon their characters and conduct, before they are prepared to make a public profession, they have become so much accustomed to regard it as a matter of *personal feeling*, rather than as an *active principle*, that their usefulness as christians is thereby very much impaired.

Such were not the sentiments by which Charles regulated his conduct, on assuming the christian character. On the contrary, no sooner was he satisfied that his heart was right with God, than he set himself faithfully to perform all the duties of a religious life; and as a natural result of such a course, he advanced in piety with a rapidity but rarely equalled.

The following is the testimony of the Reverend gentleman, whose opinion of the early character of his mind, has already been adduced.

"I saw him in vacation, when he appeared not merely as the amiable and accomplished youth, but as the serious and devout christian. Although young in years, and in his christian course, it cannot but be recollected, with what

vigor and beauty shone forth in him the graces of the spirit. As has been remarked of his *natural* character and talents, so there appeared in his *christian* character, an early maturity and strength. His humility also was worthy of remark. Although he was conscious of his own talents, and well aware of the estimation in which he was held by his friends and indeed by all who knew him, he still gave no indication of pride, ostentation or self-preference; but seemed to regard himself as too much thought of—too much beloved."

Here it may be stated, partly from personal knowledge, and partly from private records of his habits, that he was peculiarly attentive to the perusal of the Scriptures and to the duties of private devotion; and to this circumstance probably is it chiefly to be attributed, that he exhibited in his life and conduct so much of the spirit and beauty of religion. The Bible, he regarded as of all books, the best calculated to refine and enlarge—to elevate and purify the mind of man. The closet was to him, as it is to every real christian, the place where is found peace, with which a stranger intermeddleth not,

and where the heart gathers strength to sustain it in execution of every virtuous, every holy purpose.

The spring vacation he spent at home, and at its close returned to college, and resumed his studies with his wonted ardor.

Soon after his return, he wrote the following letter to his mother.

Yale College, June, 1827.

DEAR MOTHER,

After spending four weeks very pleasantly at home, I again find myself surrounded by all the old companions, books and buildings of college; and am fast sinking down into the old fashioned, quiet and peaceable state of acting and thinking, which so peculiarly characterizes the life of a student. Here we sit from morning till night, and sometines nearly round to morning again, poring over Latin and Greek, undisturbed save by the thrilling tones of our little bell, and the light-hearted playfulness of intermission hours, from a term's commencement to its close. The world—why it is something far beyond us, which we gaze upon only through the long vista

of a four years residence within the walls of Yale, as a theatre in which to exhibit our parts, when we are free from the task of committing them to memory, and rehearsing. When vacation arrives, why we gradually break our bonds, till at length, we are sufficiently similar to the "men of earth" to go out and mingle among them, without exciting too much attention by our singularities. When the vacation is ended, we come together again, and for a week or so undergo a gentle drilling, till we at length get cleared of our home accompaniments, and are prepared to use free heads in the service.

The weather has been very favorable since we returned, giving us good appetites and spirits; which I must confess I did not believe were so indispensably necessary to prevent certain indescribable sensations (which we commonly laugh at in little children, under the name of home-sickness) from exerting on those who call themselves *almost men*, an influence so strong as to stamp on their conduct the impress of childishness. It is, I think, a wise institution of Providence, that the associations of infancy and home should entwine themselves so inseparably

around the finer feelings of man. For next to the unspeakable joy of being enabled to look forward with the eye of faith to the blissful mansions prepared for the redeemed in heaven, is the calm glow of unmingled delight enkindled in the soul, by dwelling on the hours which glided so swiftly away while he basked in the sunshine of parental tenderness, with a heart bounding with the exultation of innocence and happiness.

It is now Saturday afternoon, and as I have considerable to do yet, I must close and go down to the office.

Give my love to all; and believe me,

Affectionately, Your Son,

CHARLES.

Unhappily, the zeal with which he commenced the term was destined to receive a speedy check. His constitution was naturally delicate; and no small care had hitherto been requisite to enable it to sustain the pressure of close application. But the relaxing weather of the summer so much impaired its energies, that after two or three weeks study, he was compelled to leave the duties of college, and return home

to recruit his strength. During this visit he wrote the following letter to a friend who was on a visit in the State of New York.

Milford, June 30, 1827.

DEAR L——,

In compliance with the request contained in your letter of the 26th inst. received this morning, that some one would send you a few lines from home, I write the following to accompany the enclosed, which were handed us last night. The letter enclosing your's, I took the liberty of opening, hoping to find one for myself. Apropos—I discovered a word I could not help smiling at. You observe when speaking of the brother of Mr. ——, that Miss —— calls him a "*very respectable young gentleman.*" Now within a few days I have heard it reported, that Miss —— was soon to be married to a Mr. —— who was soon expected from the South. It struck me at once, that this "*very respectable*" personage was the young gentleman in question.

We have learned the gratifying particulars of your pleasant excursion up the North River;

and all that occasioned regret in me, was that I had not accompanied you.

Perhaps you will wonder at seeing my name at the bottom of a letter dated at Milford.—When I returned to college after vacation, my health was excellent—the weather was fine—and our studies, although hard, were exceedingly interesting, and I soon became engaged with all my heart. But in a short time my strength began to fail me, and I was obliged, a week ago last Friday, to make a short visit at home.—Change of air, scene and diet, in a few days so beneficially effected my health, and spirits, that on Monday I returned to college. But on the following Saturday I was again compelled to bid adieu to Yale—I did not know but forever. I have now been at home a week; in which time, by gentle exercise and care, I am almost as well as ever again. I have obtained permission to board out of the Hall, and hope to be able to board with Mr. S—— where the similarity of living to that of home, and the agreeable company of the family, I have no doubt will be of great advantage to me. I think I shall return on Monday, and by attention to my diet and exercise I

believe I shall be able to finish this term with pleasure.

Yesterday I was extremely gratified by an accidental visit from Mr. C—— a member of the Junior Class, of distinguished talents and piety, and one of my particular friends, who has been absent from college since Monday, performing a pedestrian tour on account of his health. He spent the night with us, and started on foot in the morning for New Haven. Sometimes I am almost led to regard college as the destroyer of many parents' hopes, and many youthful expectations. However, I have in view a very pretty object to enable me to tug through this summer. For if my ears are ever again gladdened by the sweet sound of 'vacation,' I think the famed land of 'steady habits' will contain one smiling youth, no longer than will be necessary for the proper blacking of his boots, the discreet frizzling of his hair, and the nice adjustment of his cravat, preparatory to a comely appearance before the blue eyes of Long Island.

And now I have only to hope and intreat, that you will write me as soon and as often as you possibly can while in the city and on the Island—and

to request that you will give my respects to my friends, and assure them of my highest regards.

Yours truly,

CHARLES.

His health on his return to college did not appear materially improved; and on resuming his studies, again rapidly declined. Yet he could not reconcile himself to the idea of absence from his class, and his pursuits; and by exertion to which his strength was altogether inadequate, he continued his application without remission, throughout the term.

Soon after he became interested in the subject of religion, he commenced a diary, in which he continued to write occasionally while he remained in college; though probably with less frequency and regularity than he would have done, had not his health been such as to render it necessary for him to make his labors as light as possible. There is something at first view rather disagreeable, in the idea of bringing out to the inspection of the world, thoughts which were only the breathings of private devotion, and intended for the scrutiny of no eye but that

of Him who seeth in secret. Yet they are often so highly illustrative of the moral feelings of the individual concerned, that it seems difficult to pass them over in delineating his christian character. Such being the case in the present instance, it seems proper to insert a part of the memoranda which Charles occasionally made of the private feelings and exercises of his heart.

Yale College, April 13th, 1827.

*Whereas*, I believe that I was created, and sent into the world, by a beneficent Creator, for the purpose of glorifying him in doing all the good I can to my fellow creatures, and advancing the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom; and, that as the most reasonable service, I should devote all my time, and all my faculties of soul, and body, as well as all which I possess of worldly riches, to the cause of Him, who died to ransom my guilty head from the punishment, which my many and heinous transgressions of the divine law so richly merited,

*Therefore, Resolved*, That by the grace of God, (without which I can do nothing accepta-

bly,) I will make it my supreme object, in whatever condition of life I may be placed, to glorify, and serve my Maker, and my Saviour in all things, and I would, therefore, at this time, in the presence of God, and the holy angels, dedicate myself entirely to Him, for time, and for eternity. And *Oh! that He would enable me to realize the solemnity of the act, and give me to know, and feel what are the requisitions of His law, and strength to fulfil them!*

*Resolved*, With the assistance of the Holy Spirit, to live near to God by prayer, meditation, and reading of His word, and to draw all my strength, support, and consolation from the same unlimited and all-bountiful source, and to strive with all my might to destroy all self-righteousness, self-confidence, and pride, and to walk humbly before God, in the sight of all men.

*Resolved*, To make it my constant supplication at the throne of grace, to feel strong, and ardent love for my brethren in Christ, and next to that love of God, which, by the influence of his Spirit, shall pervade and engage my whole soul, to desire, and manifest disinterested at-

tachment to those, who, like myself, are hoping, and praying, that they may be the children of God.

*Resolved*, That since I believe my present situation as a member of College, is one of high responsibilities, and that the exerting a powerful influence here in favor of religion, is an act of incomparable advantage to the cause of Christ, I will make it my constant aim, to improve every opportunity, which I may enjoy while here, of conversing with those, over whom, I deem it probable I may possess any influence, affectionately and solemnly, concerning their eternal interests; and to remember them in my prayers.

*Saturday, April 14th*, 1827.—It is now nearly six weeks since I begun to hope I had become the Lord's, and during this short time, Oh! how far have I wandered from the path of duty! How little have I done to the glory of God! Oh, that I could be enabled to renounce the world and live for heaven!

*Sunday.*—Have enjoyed something like religious peace and happiness, but still find great coldness and spiritual deadness. Temptations

are numerous and powerful, my health is poor, and all combine to create much darkness and unhappiness. Still the Saviour appears altogether lovely, and the character of God has appeared inconceivably awful and delightful to-day. But I do not enjoy so much of confidence and faith in prayer as I desire; my thoughts wander, and seize on every thing but God. Oh, for that perfect holiness promised to the redeemed in heaven!

*Tuesday.*—When I look back on the state of my feelings to-day, I find more and more cause for great alarm in that change which has taken place in them within so short a time. I have solemnly dedicated myself to the service of my Maker, and my only prayer and heart's desire is grace to enable me to fulfil all the duties of a professed child of God. Oh, for humility, for every Christian virtue; none of which it does appear I do possess. Oh for a deliverance from this transitory scene of wickedness and sin.

*Saturday evening.*—We are now reviewing our studies preparatory to the spring examination, and I have been forced contrary to my de-

sire and usual custom, to sit up late for a few days past, which has materially affected my health and spirits, and consequently my religious feeling. But still I know that I am willing to make any thing a cloak for neglect of duty. I feel that I might do more, if I had a strong desire to do it. My own heart condemns me. Oh, what a load of guilt am I continually accumulating, constantly retreating from the ready embrace of my Saviour, and willing to be far removed from so kind and merciful a God. Temptation I feel to be strong; and yet expose myself to its influence every hour. I must be more watchful and prayerful. I must, and by the blessing of God, I will no longer suffer Satan to triumph over my inconstancy and irresolution. I will return to my Heavenly Father. Oh receive me, thou God of love; take me in thy arms thou compassionate Saviour, and let me be one of the dear lambs of thy flock! Oh what a refuge is the arm of Jehovah, how securely can we repose under the shadow of his wings. Spirit of grace, oh, descend into my bosom, fill me with love to God and my fellow sinners, warm the ice of my af-

fections, and build up in me the temple of holiness!

*Saturday evening, May 12th.*—Since I wrote in my diary last, my course of living has been very diversified. I have passed through the spring examination, have visited a friend and classmate, and now have returned home in vacation. I find but very little attention to religion here, although blessed be God there are indications of the operations of his Spirit sufficient to animate to increased prayer and active exertion. Mr. P. the minister of the society to which I belong, appears to feel anxious for a revival, and I do hope before the close of the vacation, to witness good doings here. I attended conference on Friday evening, and found a full room, and I intend if possible, to converse with some of my young religious friends to-morrow, about having evening meetings for prayer and the formation of some plan of effort. Oh, that the Father of all mercies would grant them and me the influence of his gracious Spirit, and disinterested devotion and zeal in His service. Without his blessing and assistance, how ineffectual are all the endeavors

of man to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom.

*Wednesday afternoon, May 21st*, 1827.—This is one of the days appointed by the church of college as a day of special prayer for a revival in Yale on the next term. Many a devout prayer, I have no doubt, has ascended to-day to the Throne of all Grace, and oh, may that God who hears the ravens when they cry, permit the petitions of His unworthy children to come up before Him like sweet incense, and draw down a rich and long-continued blessing! He knows what is best for His creatures. He fully and clearly understands what will most promote His own glory and the welfare of man, and if He sees fit, we shall be blessed with a copious outpouring of His Spirit. Not our will, but thine, O God, be done.—In one week from to-day, our vacation closes, and we shall again commence the routine of our collegiate duties. Mingled with fears concerning the influence of the scenes at home upon myself and my young brethren in Christ, is the anticipated joy of again grasping the hand of those who are so dear to my heart from their ardent Christian zeal and

love, and how I do desire that we may all go on with one heart and mind in praying and laboring for a revival in college. May the Lord God in the infinite fullness of His love bless our feeble endeavors to serve Him while on earth, and at length grant us an open and abundant entrance into His heavenly kingdom, where is fullness of joy for evermore.

*Tuesday evening, June 12th.*—I have again returned to college, with feelings, oh, how different from any with which I ever came before. Christians appear to be determined to be on the Lord's side, and pray and labor for a revival here this term. Oh that God may bless them.—Since I have been here, one of my dear Christian friends in the senior class, has proposed to me to join the church in college next communion. Although I have looked forward with a kind of wandering gaze to the time when I shall become one of the members of Christ's visible family, yet when another brought it so distinctly before me, it appeared to me something with which I never could engage. It is a solemn thing to take the vows of God upon us. Oh, how few appear to realize

it: I can only go to God and plead the merits of His Son, that He would guide me in this solemn time, and preserve me from doing any thing that will ever dishonor His cause.

*Wednesday evening.*—There were during the revival last term, about twelve in my class, who expressed hopes of being Christians, and to-day, nearly all that number met in the recitation room, our regular place of meeting. Oh, my heart is sad when I remember the animation which brightened every countenance, and the warmth of feeling which beamed from every eye when we met on similar occasions last term, and contrast it with the appearance of my brethren, and my own feelings now. But what can be done? If we are indeed the children of God, we are born for some end. Doubtless to glorify and serve our Heavenly Father. Oh, it is sweet to live near to God. But I every day see so much proneness in myself to return to the world, and so little love to my Saviour, and my fellow students, and especially to those whom I call my brethren, that I feel almost tempted to believe the whole is a delusion of Satan. Oh, for brighter views of

the character of Christ, for stronger faith in the promises of God, for stricter conformity to the requisitions of Jesus!

*Thursday Morning.*—I have attempted to pray this morning, but my mind is so darkened by sin, I cannot lift up a single petition to God. Oh, how dreadful it is to be forsaken of God. Father who art in heaven, return, Oh return to thy penitent creature; enable me, Oh God, to live to thy glory forever.

*Friday morning.*—I attended a meeting in our entry, last evening,and afterwards conversed sometime with one of the late converts of the Junior Class, who has been spending his vacation in a Revival, and who consequently came back with his feelings warmly enlisted in the work of Christ, and by the blessing of God, I hope I was enabled, during the evening to resolve in His strength to live hereafter more devoted to his service than I have ever done before. I must now be more frequent in prayer and reading the Bible, with strict self examination, and faithfulness to my brethren, and impenitent fellow students, and endeavor, in whatever I may do, to keep constantly in view the

glory of God.—Oh, what a blessed state of mind. Father who art in heaven, grant that thy sinful creature may experience its happiness.

*Saturday evening, September 1st*, 1827.—I have again taken my diary, but little have I to write. During the past week, I have, with others, who also hope they have found an interest in the Saviour, been examined by Professor Fitch, previous to admission into the church. This forms a new epoch in my life, and appears to call loudly for something worthy to accompany it. I can do nothing better than form new resolutions of obedience and entire devotion to that blessed Saviour, whose cause I am about to openly profess to espouse.

*October*, 1827.—*First Term, Sophomore year.*

As I am now about to commence a new year, it appears necessary to take a brief review of the past, and to form some resolutions for that which is coming. Among the events of the past year, I reckon my entrance into College as important in a high degree, but chiefly

on account of what I deem inexpressibly interesting and important; an event which should ever be remembered by me with feelings of the utmost solemnity and gratitude. I refer to the event of the last revival. Then I was permitted, through the mercy of God, to hope that I was led to cast myself as a ruined sinner at the foot of the cross, and to receive forgiveness of my sins, through the atonement of Christ. To hope that from death, I passed unto life,—from a condemned rebel, to become an heir of eternal life, through faith in the promises. I have therefore come forward, and in the presence of the world, have united myself to the church on earth. It appears to me, that as far as I can see, I was influenced by a desire to become a partaker of the manifestations of the love of Christ, and to feel as if I was enrolled among the soldiers of the cross, and to experience an active and zealous disposition in the service of God. God only knows the heart, and to Him my earnest prayer is, that I may not be deceived; but that I may be enabled, through His grace, to fight manfully the good fight, and sincerely to desire

His glory, and the good of souls. I now feel it to be a glorious thing to be on the Lord's side ; and feel as if I could pray more earnestly for direction how to act,—for faith in his promises,—for an untiring and ardent zeal in His service.—for entire devotedness to His cause. What I most fear, in the coming year, is the influence of ambition. Our studies are hard, and I fear the consequences. My only hope and consolation, is the promise of our Lord, My Grace shall be sufficient for thee.

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From the preceeding extracts, it is apparent, that he habitually *kept his heart with all diligence.* They exhibit the spirit of fervent—devoted piety ; evincing that humility, self distrust, and fear of sin, which are the highest evidence of genuine religion. His admission to the church was on the first sabbath of September, and the last of the summer term.

At the prize-speaking, on the day preceeding commencement, at the close of the term, he received the first prize awarded to his class.

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Thus ended his first collegiate year. The vacation which succeeded, he spent chiefly in travelling and visiting his friends; hoping by exercise and recreation to regain his exhausted strength. His hopes, however, were destined to disappointment. The benefit which he derived was only temporary; and very shortly after the commencement of the succeeding term, the state of his health was such as to threaten the necessity of a total suspension of his studies. It is probable that the prospect of being thus compelled to relinquish pursuits in which he so much delighted, and to dissolve his connexion with a class to which he was most ardently attached, conspired with the influence of his disease, in producing a state of mental depression, under which he, at this period, labored at frequent intervals. However notwithstanding all the embarrasments with which he had to contend, he continued to discharge the duties of college so industriously as to maintain the high standing he had previously acquired.

He continued also his regular correspondence with the family at home; a few more

extracts from which, it is believed, will be read with interest.

Yale College, Oct. 1827.

DEAR MOTHER,

If it does not augur well to see a young man as soon as he arrives at his place of destination, direct his thoughts and occupations homewards, I know nothing of signs. Here you find me no sooner seated before my fire in my college room, than I have my papers hauled out; in the first place some lines drawn, by the help of an old slate, nearly as straight as a scythe; then an old pen is mended, and lastly, amidst the bustle of the first evening in the term, with one running in to ask for a pen, another to enquire how we all do, another to tell me he would return a book to-morrow, &c. &c. &c., I labor away to condense and arrange my ideas sufficiently to commit them to paper. (Since I began the above sentence, my room has been nearly full, and about as noisy as was Babel of yore.)

J—— and myself were just now comparing our situation to-night with what it was a year

ago. *Now*, we feel as if we had returned to an old and well known home, and could, as one of our fellows said just now, keep our blinds open in style. *Then*, we were so many prisoners and exiles—every hole in the blind and door were filled most carefully; and we sat in momentary expectation of some nefarious trick being played off on our miserable selves, by the relentless Sophs; thinking ourselves happy, when awaking in the morning, we found our room safe, and ourselves in the land of the living. * * * * * * *

The weather, so far, has been fine for study, and may be expected to continue so. My time must all be occupied this term. I feel as if I had more to do than I ever have had while in college; and I also feel more determined, by the blessing of Providence to do it, than I ever did before; so that I think I have two pretty strong inducements to application before me. * * * * * * *

Your affectionate Son,

CHARLES.

Yale College, Nov. 1827.

DEAR SISTERS,

As your hint that I should devote more time to my letters was well given, and well received, I had determined at this time, by more attention, to make up, if possible, the deficiences of my last. Yet I am at a loss how to fill up my sheet as I designed, owing to my having but very little news to communicate, and having already said almost every thing which I think would be of importance to you, if attended to. However, I hope you will find some thing in every thing you read, which will tend to improve you in some important particular; at any rate, such should be your aim, both in reading, and in all other exercises you perform.

As to your reading, I must say I was not altogether pleased with what I saw when at home last. But I suppose great allowances should be made, considering that I was there, and that consequently so much diligence could not be expected, as when you have the time entirely to yourselves. Nothing I can say, I trust, can set before you in a stronger light the

importance and pleasures of a cultivated mind, than your own calm reflections, and reasonable views of the situation and prospects of those around you. I would not inculcate the idea, that unalloyed happiness is the attendant on any course of life. The workings of Providence in causing disappointment and trouble, are witnessed towards almost every member of the human family, in a greater or less degree; but I believe you will find, when you are more advanced in life, and extend your observation over a wider field, that true independence of character—a just idea of the concerns of life, and an enviable share of refined pleasure, are oftener to be found in the learned and the good, than in any other portion of mankind. True, man is generally more dependant on the resources of his mind in life, than woman; and the influence of his learning and mental powers is more conspicuous, than that of those whose occupations and feelings, in a measure withhold them from an open intercourse with the world. But notwithstanding, could the more apparent, and seemingly more powerful influence of man, be weighed in the scale of can-

dor, balanced by the silent power of woman, the latter, I believe, would sink the scale. In the history of those who have made the world stand mute in wonder at the various exhibitions of their powers, you will find, in many instances, the early bent of mind formed by a mother's precepts, apparent on every succeeding page. Read the encomiums which the wise and good bestow on female excellence,—see the indications of the power of maternal influence in the conduct of almost every individual of our species; and you are at once convinced of the importance of the utmost cultivation of the female mind.

You may never be placed in situations which will call for extraordinary attainments in science; but I desire you to be well persuaded, that in no state or condition in life, will the utmost possible exertions you can now make, be without their good effect.

Hoping that you will take what I have said as proceeding from a solicitous desire for your welfare; and with a great deal of love to all, I subscribe myself

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

The business of English composition holds a prominent place among the duties of the students at Yale College. The class of which Charles was a member, were required, after the second term of the first year, to write individually every week, on subjects which were proposed by the Professor who superintended the exercise. In perusing the specimens which follow of his talents as a theme-writer, it is necessary that the reader should bear in mind that they are not the productions of one who has *been through* a course of study, and consequently has a mind stored with general knowledge, but of one but *just commencing*. If regarded as *first efforts*, they will, it is believed, be found to posses no inconsiderable merit.

Of these which are inserted, the first is the *first theme he ever wrote*. The two following were written intermediately; and the last, is the *last* he ever wrote, and one which gained the first prize awarded by the committee of examination to his division.

## ON INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

In the concerns of nations and individuals, no trait of character appears more necessary, or more commanding in the eyes of men, than that of independence. *Nations* agree in forming relations with each other; and in the maintainance of these, as well as in the management of their domestic concerns, it is universally admitted, that those nations who maintain a decided and independent course of conduct, are less engaged in controversy with others—enjoy more tranquillity at home, and possess greater respect abroad, than those who in every step of their conduct evince a disposition to please, by a servile attention to the views and wishes of others.

But the *causes* and *effects* of this principle in *individual* character, exhibit great diversity. In some men, it would seem to spring from *the natural temperament of their system;* and we see the evidences of its influence on the character, in the bold and fearless conduct, and the high tone of feeling which so peculiarly

characterises these individuals. Some of this class are found to be generous, open-hearted, liberal in their sentiments, and courteous in their demeanor; others are haughty and forbidding in their behavior, and stern and unyielding in their disposition.

*Wealth* usually occasions a high sense of independence in its possessors; but where this spirit manifests itself in acts of arrogant assuming, we are apt to look with contempt on the pretensions of the individual, and to despise him for his weakness.

*The circumstances of war*, often operate powerfully in producing minds of an independent character; and where we behold this quality, associated with the more pleasing properties of benevolence, humanity and patriotism, we feel a degree of awe in contemplating its possessor. But when selfish ambition, cruelty and a savage love of war and its miseries. occupy the place of these milder qualities, we may indeed be astonished at his deeds of valor, and stand aghast at the extent of his work of desolation, but we regard him an object of the utmost abhorrence, and feel shocked at the

fierceness of his cruelty. Of these different characters, the records of antiquity, and our own remembrance, furnish sufficient specimens. To mention a few examples: with what different feelings do we contemplate the characters of the ambitious tyrant of Rome, glorying in the pride of vanquishing his country, and that of the patriotic assertor of her rights, who, relying on the justice of the cause, could set at naught the claims of friendship, and all considerations of private interest, and rise in bold resistance to the proud usurper. Why do we look with such exalted feelings at the heroes of ancient Greece, but that they immortalized their names in acting for their country. And why does the mention of him who was at once the wonder and the scourge of Europe, so involuntarily awaken our indignation, but that we behold in him the haughty aspirant to the government of half a hemisphere, and the proud contemner of the laws of nations, and the rights of man. And why, as the result of all his schemes of madness and destruction, do we, with pity for his infatuation, but assenting to the justice of the sentence, behold him banished—

an exile on a barren rock in the ocean, but that we consider it as the meet reward of such barbarous despotism, and such high-toned arrogance. What, on the other hand, throws around the character of our Washington such deep veneration, but the fact that in him were combined the stern qualities of the soldier, and the milder virtues of the christian.

Again; *strong mental powers, and profound learning*, create a bold and manly independence of character; wholly different in its nature from any which have been mentioned, and commanding perhaps more respect. We regard such a man, walking as he does, in the light of every science, and gifted with the learning of almost every age, as a being claiming more than mortal deference, and commanding more than ordinary regard. So far do we carry this feeling of veneration, that often, in our encomiums on the scholar, we forget the character of the man; and suffer those vices which, in a person of ordinary attainments, would render him almost unworthy of the appellation of a human being, to be lost in the brightness of his genius. How little is the dis-

soluteness of Shakespeare's genius regarded in comparison with the beauty of his writings; but who does not know that, with all the sublimity of his conceptions, and the force and grandeur of his imagery, the true source of interest is wanting to the man of morality and religion. Around the name of Byron too, the hand of poesy has entwined its flowers; but while in all the pride of intellect, he rears himself against the hand that made him, and hurls defiance at the source of being; we may indeed gaze in wonder at the greatness of his powers, but not without feeling a degree of pity on contemplating a mind like his, burying itself, with the sullen madness of a fiend, in the gloom of misanthrophy, and sending forth the offspring of his hate, to taint with infidelity and vice, the fairest fields of literature and poetry.

But of all the various kinds of independence of character, none is more unexceptionable than that which arises from *a high sense of moral obligation*. It is the man of piety who possesses the highest independence. Behold him in every situation in life, and you see the same disregard of the world, the same intensity

of interest in his high pursuit, and the same exhibitions of the grand principle of his conduct. In battle, the daring soldier, in the exultation of victory, the generous friend of the vanquished ; treading the flowery heights of prosperity with safety, not rendered giddy by the elevation ; in the rough vale of adversity, casting aside, as unworthy of notice, what often drives the man of the world to despair, and like the rock in the ocean, receiving unmoved the shock of calamity, and meeting with firmness, the violence of enemies.

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## ON CONSISTENCY OF CHARACTER.

The human character is a grand and beautiful subject of contemplation. To observe it in its various forms, and to study the causes of its diversities, would afford employment for the longest life, and exercise for the faculties of the strongest mind. In no state, however, does it exhibit so beautiful a spectacle, as when in its numerous operations, its various traits all harmonize with each other, and a spirit of con-

sistency breathes throughout the whole. But when the opposite view is presented, when discord, inconsistency, and confusion pervade its actions, nothing can equal the deformity of the picture.

The truth of these remarks will be clearly seen, by reflecting a few moments on the evils incident to an inconsistent character.

In the first place, the man of such a character possesses no claims to the respect of his fellow men, and consequently meets, as he deserves, with their contempt. There is something in consistency which so universally commends itself to the minds of men, that when it is seen in a character destitute, perhaps, of every other praiseworthy quality, it commands respect, and is sometimes even permitted to throw a veil over conduct and motives deserving the highest censure. But he who evinces by his actions that he is influenced only by the feelings of the moment, who is now ardently supporting some novel sentiment, and now as violently opposing it; at one time eagarly pursuing this object, at another that; soon finds that mankind are unwilling to bestow much

countenance upon one so likely to be constantly involving himself and them in such absurd and unnecessary difficulties.

Hence again, such a character looses all hold on the confidence of others. The grounds on which one man is entrusted with the concerns of many, are, that he is thought capable of fulfilling the engagements into which he enters. But how can he, who knows not to-day what may be his plan of operation to-morrow, have committed to his care the interests of those who expect in their agents an onward, undeviating, and unbiassed course of conduct? How can he promise for others, when he knows not how he will act for himself?

Strange, however, as it may seem, this is for the most part, the character of mankind. If we examine ourselves with the least impartiality, we find that we are the most changeable of beings, and that instability is stamped upon all our purposes and opinions. The *causes* of this fluctuation are as endless as the changes they effect; and as well might we attempt to count the waves of the ocean, and number the passing clouds, as to declare the sum of them.

Better will it be to consider some of the means by which we may avoid, or at least, lessen, some of the evils so indissolubly connected with this general trait of the human character.

First, then, we should take a comprehensive view of the various relations of life, and by considering the difficulties which usually fall to the lot of man, become prepared to encounter them, and resolve to subject ourselves to the empire of reason.

We ought then to choose some great object of pursuit, to the attainment of which all our efforts should harmoniously tend, and every faculty of the soul be employed. We ought also to determine that nothing shall divert us from the pursuit. And although the friendship of the great would be the meed of our relinquishment—although a desire to gratify those around us, and an innate desire of ease, as well as the applause of the world, might tempt us to swerve; although ambition might point to the proud pinacles of fame, or pleasure allure us to her gardens of happiness; even although disease should palsy our energies, yet as long as we possessed the power to exert one member

of our frame, or a throb of our hearts told that life yet remained, that power should be used for the accomplishment of our purpose, and the last heavings of our bosoms should be full of ardor in the cause of our espousal.

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## ON THE ORIGIN OF SENSIBILITY.

To most men, the word, sensibility, conveys but a very indistinct idea. Generally, however, it is associated in their minds with the fanciful notions of the visionary novel reader, or the sickly dreams of the imaginative poet, but deemed unworthy to be applied to the feelings of men of sense. The course of reasoning by which they are led to adopt such views is usually this. We, say they, were placed in the world to perform our respective parts, and to receive our share of its good or evil. When fortune smiles we are to rejoice; and when adversity comes upon us, we are to bear its sorrows with what grace we may. We believe it to be our duty to aid the truly unfortunate, as far as a regard to our own interest will permit; but for him who is forever mourning over imag-

inary ills, and sacrificing the enjoyment of the pleasures of life to unnecessary grief for the woes of others, or perhaps for those which exist only in his own disturbed fancy, for him we feel no sympathy, with him we desire no communion.

And thus it is; selfishness may clothe itself in the garb of prudence and be esteemed, while he whose generous soul is open to all the miseries of the children of wretchedness, and who, when he looks out upon the wide family of man, forgets his own sorrows in his sympathy with them, may sink unhonored into his grave; while those who, perhaps, while he lived were the objects of his pity, are the first to heap scorn upon his memory. Can we wonder then, that so few have appeared among the multitudes of men, whose hearts have glowed with the generous flame of sensibility; and that when an indulgent Providence has granted one and another as bright examples, they have so soon become chilled with the cold unfeelingness that prevailed on earth, and hastened away to the world where naught but harmony prevails, and where, from a source pure as Infinite Benevo-

lence, flow streams of eternal love. Still, although "like angel visits, few and far between," have been the instances of men possessing to a high degree a refined and elevated sensibility, and although on the greater part of these, affliction laid heavily her rod, and death early seized upon them for his victims, yet while they lived they were not wholly destitute of happiness.—No, although men usually suppose that he who receives with thankfulness, and uses with moderation the gifts of heaven, should expect to find no higher happiness than that which results from such a course; yet I believe that in the exercise of sympathetic feelings, in opening the soul to joy when others are made happy, and in indulging bitterness of spirit in view of the scenes of misery with which the earth is filled, there exists a pleasure high and ennobling in its nature, as that which swells the bosoms of the inhabitants of heaven.

The origin of sensibility, and of the pleasure it affords, is discovered in the constitution of the mind. When God created the soul of man he endowed it with qualities drawn from his own pure nature, and in the improvement and cultiva-

tion of these qualities he placed the happiness of his creatures. He knew that the other ranks of being which filled the air, the earth, and the sea, would find in the indulgence of their animal propensities, a pleasure suited to the place they were designed to fill in the order of creation; but to man whom he had made for immortality, He knew some other and higher source of happiness was necessary, than the gratification of his sensual desires; one that should be lasting as the eternity of his existence, and worthy of the divine nature of his spirit.

For this end, therefore, He planted in the heart of man the seeds of love. He fitted him for friendship—bestowed on him the principles of his own glorious attributes, and ordered in his wisdom that if they were suffered to expand upon earth towards himself and mankind, they should ripen in heaven, and be made perfect in the joys of an endless fruition. But since these exalted qualities must of course lie dormant in the soul, unless causes should exist to draw them into active exercise, He furthermore decreed, that in the condition of his creatures, there should prevail endless variety, and that

change should be unceasingly affecting their probationary state.

Hence to no man does the sun of prosperity forever shine in a cloudless sky; and even the most abject sons of woe and wretchedness, are often visited by the cheering smiles of hope and gladness. Hence too, we do not find the hearts of the most savage dwellers in the wilderness wholly destitute of tender and generous emotions; and even he whose life has been one continued scene of hardship and privation, who perhaps from childhood, has been accustomed to the dangers of the ocean, and whose soul has acquired from the angry tempest and the howling storm, a wildness and ferocity, equalled only by the fierceness of the elements with which he has contended, has moments when even the iron stubbornness of his spirit breaks. Amid, perhaps, the roaring of waters and the fury of the tempest, he sometimes remembers his mother, and his God.

Hence too, do we feel in our own bosoms the workings of filial and paternal tenderness;—hence that esteem which at first only heightens in our view the good qualities of the object of

our regard, and then insensibly assumes a stronger character, until the adamantine bond of love can be sundered by nothing, save the power of the monarch of the tomb.

Hence too, in youth when associating with each other, do we perceive that early springing up of friendship, which continues to derive new strength as it advances, until our hearts enjoy communion in the language of brotherly affection.

Hence therefore, flows the stream of sensibility. And in proportion as, in accordance with the design of a wise Providence, we drink deeply of its waters, shall the pleasure it affords be pure and lasting.

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## ON THE INFLUENCE OF HOPE, ON THE USEFULNESS AND HAPPINESS OF MAN.

In the characters and conditions of men, there exists an almost endless variety. If we look abroad upon the world, we behold some borne smoothly on by prosperous breezes; while others are struggling with the storms of adversity;

some nearly overwhelmed by the billows, and others just beginning to encounter the fury of the tempest.

In the countenances of some, we see vividly depicted the flush of animation, and the brightness of joy ; while others are marked with the deep lineaments of sorrow and despair.

Could we follow them through life, we should find one class almost as soon as they were capable of understanding the nature of the scenes presented to their view, eagerly adopting some one of these various parts, and steadily maintaining it to the end of life ; while others after having long remained fluctuating in suspense, might at length be seen, when perplexed, and distracted by indecision, rushing for deliverance to the grave of the suicide ! or in some rash moment, entering with the vehemence of desperation some dubious path ; which, when they had pursued with all the perseverance of seeming determination for an hour, is forsaken in disgust and another course adopted, which, in its turn, is soon abandoned. While yet another class would be seen folding their hands in indolence, and after a few momentary struggles,

as they behold the doom of poverty and ignominy which awaited them, gradually sinking away into silence and oblivion.

Could our view penetrate their bosoms, and comprehend the workings and influence of their feelings; we should behold the hearts of those who were actively engaged in promoting their own welfare and that of others, throbbing high and unceasingly, with the full gush of hope; while in those who appeared to act only from the impulse of the moment, despair would sit brooding upon the principles of existence, corroding the secret springs of action, and exhausting every fountain of enjoyment.

And thus it is. When God placed man upon the earth, and destined him to a life of toil, He left him not without abundant stimulus to enterprize and perseverance, and a rich source of happiness and consolation in affliction. For He decreed in his mercy, that hope should enter his soul, and prove his supporter and stay, through every scene of life, and in the hour of death, light up the prospect before him in eternity. Had he been created to live for himself alone, perhaps in the pursuit of his own

selfish pleasures, his days would have glided joyfully away, and no excitement would have been necessary to rouse him to exertion, or urge him onward to the execution of his plans. But when surrounded by multitudes of fellow beings, all claiming a share of his attention and labor; something more powerful than his own corrupt inclination is requisite to enable him to fulfil the obligations devolving upon him from his social relations.

Here, then, is manifested the benign influence of hope on the happiness of man. For it is she that opens to him the future, and fires his soul with ardor, by blessing his vision with crowns of success awaiting his efforts. To the student, she exhibits fame and distinction as the rewards of his toil; to the man of business, she points out honor and wealth as the end of his labors; the philanthropist she cheers with prospects of wide spread happiness; she bids the humble christian gird himself to battle, for endless bliss will follow certain victory.

With such inducements to exertion, man cannot remain inactive. The student forsakes the giddy round of fashion, and all the pleasures of

the world, and devotes the bloom of youth, the brightest portion of his earthly existence, to the wasting confinement of literary pursuits. The man of business determines that no labor shall be spared till riches and honor are his.—The philanthropist prepares to extend his helping hand to the miserable and afflicted. And he who looks away from earth to the bright world beyond the grave, feels his heart glow with holy zeal, and in his course of rectitude resolves to endure every trial, and bear up against every enemy, until death shall close the conflict.

But disappointment and misfortune are interwoven with every man's destiny. How often does the hand of early disease spread gloom over the prospects of him, who is panting with all the ardor of youth after distinction in learning; and oh! how often do the slanders of envy, or the coldness of neglect come home to his finely wrought sensibility, with all the bitterness of the sting of death? How often amid the wreck of his fortune, does he who has gone forth after riches, feel ready to give himself up in despair to the fury of the storm? How often

does he who has sacrificed every selfish consideration to his enthusiastic desires after the alleviation of human wretchedness, feel tempted to repress all anxiety for a world where he meets with nothing but ingratitude? And how frequent are the seasons, when even he whose hold is fixed on Heaven, when the cares of life come pressing upon his mind, and temptation has drawn him away from the path of duty, feel as if forsaken of his Father and his God?

What then, is there in these seasons of despondency that come alike to all, that shall prevent man from regarding his fate as fixed forever in misery; and enable him to take courage and persevere? It is hope, that extends her magic wand, and through the clouds and mist that obstructed his vision, are poured golden streams of cheering light, and while his heart bounds with ecstacy, he springs forth again to his labors and devotes himself with renewed ardor to his chosen purpose.

Such is the influence of hope on the usefulness of man. Perhaps it were superfluous to attempt to show its influence on his happiness as unconnected with his usefulness; since, if

true happiness lies in the strict performance of duty, and duty requires man to be useful; consequently, whatever increases his usefulness, proportionally increases his happiness.

But when we consider the nature of hope as being in itself one of the most delightful of all emotions; and when we observe its effect on the mind in raising it from the contemplation of the present, with which man is never satisfied, and carrying it forward to scenes of enjoyment ever fresh, and ever varying, delightful even from their novelty; we see it exerting a separate, and perhaps stronger influence on his happiness.

It is hope, that causes the high throbbing of the father's heart, while as he bends over his sleeping boy, bright visions of his son's future greatness, rise to his view. It is hope that darts the thrill of joy through the bosom of the languishing victim of disease, when in fancy he breathes the pure air, and steps forth with the firm elasticity of health again. It is hope that enters even to the wretched tenant of the dungeon; and amid the thick gloom of his prison and the clanking of his chains, he sees the smile

of his wife and hears the glad shouts of his children at the return of their father: borne on her wings the wanderer on a foreign shore revisits the beloved land of his nativity, while his soul drinks in the joys that flow from the pure fountain of domestic tenderness. In short, she stands the friend of man at every period of his life and under every change of circumstances.

Spreading her beautiful pictures before his youthful eyes, urging him onward to usefulness and happiness in advanced life—pointing him in age to the world where the christian shall renew his strength and glow again with more than youthful ardor. In prosperity, redoubling enjoyment; in adversity, smoothing the rugged steep, and lighting up the gloomy sky; in health, promising years of continued happiness, and softening the pillow of sickness, she compels us to feel that with her, even earth with all its dreariness can smile; without her, scarce heaven could be happy.

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When he returned home at the close of the term in January, 1828, he had not fully conclu-

ded to dissolve his connexion with college.—After much deliberation, however, with the approbation of his parents, he had his books removed home, and bid adieu, as it afterwards appeared, forever, to the scenes of college life. At the close of the vacation when the prizes were declared, his Tutor, Mr. A. N. Skinner, wrote him a letter informing him of the success of his theme, expressing his regret at loosing him from his division, and kindly offering him, if he felt able to pursue his studies, every assistance in his power. To this letter Charles returned the following reply; from which may be learned with what reluctance he adopted the resolution of remaining at home.

Milford, Feb. 4th, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

Your kind letter of 31st ult. was indeed welcome. Be assured the necessity which for a season separates me from college, cannot be a source of deeper regret to you, or any of my friends, than to myself. Previously to my entering college, my habits of life had been very secluded. This was owing principally to my

being deprived of the company of those who were engaged in similar pursuits; and perhaps in some degree to a natural aversion to society. But when I joined college, I found myself associated with kindred spirits, and at once my feelings were changed. In the company of friends, never I trust to be forgotten, and in devising schemes of future happiness, time flew gaily on. I will not say I looked for enjoyment too pure and unmingled, nor will my pride suffer me to confess, that my happiness flowed from thoughtlessness or novelty alone. But soon "a change came o'er the nature of my dream," for it was indeed a dream. My health began to fail—with it went my happiness. For a time I sought it in society—for a time in a closer intimacy with my friends—again in the constant company of books—again—but it were needless to say how. That *some* plans were inexpedient I feel—that *all* were ineffectual, I know. As a last resort, *home*, appeared the most agreeable, if not the most sure. Whether in having recourse to this I have acted rashly or with wisdom, I doubt not will appear to my friends in different lights. So far, its effects have been

salutary. Generally my spirits have been good; And my health, I believe, upon the whole is improved.

My original intention was, to review at my leisure my Mathematics, and the languages, so as to join the Sophomore class next September. To attempt an equal progress with my own class, I feared would not be consistent with that "otium cum dignitate" which I believe my health requires. Still, the idea of separation was painful in the extreme. But my hope is, to obtain if possible, a thorough education. That appears to me incompatible with the superficial course of study I should be compelled to adopt in case I continued in it.

For these reasons, I feel myself under the necessity of leaving a class which I respect as a body; in which I rank my dearest friends, and a Tutor whom I sincerely esteem, and whose friendship it will ever be my highest praise to merit—my greatest happiness to reciprocate. And now permit me, Sir, to beg you to accept my warmest—my most heart-felt thanks, for that kindness of feeling, and that tenderness and delicacy of treatment which you have ever

manifested towards me ; often when I am constrained to acknowledge it was entirely undeserved ; and to forgive whatever of neglect you have ever discovered on my part, springing as it did, not I flatter myself from want of perception or gratitude, but from that unhappy state of feeling produced by real or imaginary indisposition, under which I have unfortunately labored during the greater part of the time of our acquaintance. Your invitation to New Haven, and promise of assistance, together with your excellent advice, as they are but a continuation of your former kindness, deserve an equal expression of my thanks ; and believe me, whether permitted to enjoy your care and guardianship again or not ; I shall ever retain a deep sense of the obligations imposed by your numerous favors, and shall ever hope to remain. as I now am,

Very sincerely,

Your Friend,

Charles Pond.

In a letter to one of his college friends written about the same time, he expresses similar sentiments.

"I have obtained, says he, my Father's consent, to spend the remainder of my time until Commencement, at home, in reviewing my Mathematics, and endeavoring to regain my health, so as to be able to prosecute my studies more satisfactorily, than I fear, in my present state of health, I should be able to do. No other considerations than those of health and future usefulness, could induce me to leave a class in which I rank my most intimate friends, and where I have found a warmth of good feeling, and received manifestations frequent and pleasing, of attachment and partiality, which leave an impress upon my memory never to be effaced."

Such were the feelings with which he took his leave of college, to which he was destined to return no more.

## CHAPTER V.

Occupations at home—Resolves on a voyage to the south—Goes to New York, is disappointed, and returns home—Visits New Haven—Bleeds at the lungs—Circumstances of his sickness and death—Letter from his Tutor to his parents—Concluding remarks.

For his occupation while at home, Charles pursued the course suggested in his letters. A few hours each day were devoted to reading and study, and the remainder to exercise, in walking and riding and to the relaxation afforded by intercourse with his friends. The same desire also to render himself *useful*, which had characterised him while in college, he manifested here. There had been for some time previous, a very interesting state of religion in Milford; and he was invited by the Rev. Mr. Pinneo, to assist in conducting the religious meetings, of which there were several during the week. With this invitation, although his modesty would have led him to decline it, a sense of duty induced

him to comply ; and with what propriety of thought and manner, and what apparent earnestness and feeling his addresses were made on these occasions, those who heard him will not soon forget. As it was feared, however, that his efforts were exerting a deleterious influence on his health, he was advised by a friend to discontinue them ; to whom he calmly replied, " Oh, how we reason ; we are afraid if we do this or that, our days will be shortened. But what difference does it make, whether we go sooner or later, if we are only found in the way of duty."

About the middle of February, finding that his health, instead of improving, was rapidly growing worse, he resolved on trying a voyage to the South ; and accordingly left home for New York, where he was to embark under the care of an uncle, who commanded a vessel from that port. Having been accidentally detained on the way, he was informed on his arrival that he had lost his passage, as the vessel had sailed a few hours before. On learning this, he returned immediately home. But he afterwards ascertained, that although the vessel

had left the wharf as he had been informed, she had remained for some hours afterwards in the offing, and that his uncle was in the city during the whole time in which he himself was there, although they were not so fortunate as to find each other.

When he reached home, his mother remarking that " without doubt, it was a kind interposition of providence which had prevented him from going the voyage, and had returned him safely home," he replied, " doubtless it is all for the best; but how do you know but that I have come home to die."

About this time he rode over to New Haven. On his return, when he had ascended the hill which commands a view of the city, getting down from his horse, and turning back, he looked for a long time upon the scene which had now become indescribably dear to him, as the scene of his studies, his friendships, and his hopes, with a strong presentiment that he should never see it again. Unwilling, however, to increase the anxiety of his parents, he said but little respecting his health, employing himself very much in the same manner, as before

his disappointment in relation to his anticipated voyage.

On the evening of the 28th of February, while making a call at one of the neighbors', he raised a small quantity of blood, which evidently came from his lungs. He did not mention the circumstance, however, when he returned home; but manifested his wonted cheerfulness and sociability. At the usual hour, he performed the duties of family worship, in which it was remarked that he exhibited peculiar earnestness and fervor. A short time after he rose to retire; when just as he was leaving the room, he felt the warm blood bubbling rapidly into his throat. With these most alarming symptoms, and when all around were agitated, he appeared most surprisingly composed and calm. To his sisters, who were gathered around him, he said, "You see upon what a broken reed you have been leaning." And until his voice failed, through weakness, he continued to speak cheerfully of his situation, saying, "it was all well." On noticing the grief of his parents, he said he "was sorry to see it; he feared it spoke a rebellious spirit; that we

must bow submissively to the sovereign will of God—that he knew not what he was going to do with him, but if he had any thing more for him to do on earth, he would raise him up; but if he had done with him, he would be removed, and that he wished to have no other will but God's.

When the physician, who had been immediately called, arrived, it was thought advisable to bleed him; and accordingly a large quantity of blood was drawn, by which means he was reduced to a state of extreme weakness. His friends flattered themselves, that farther bleeding at the lungs being thus prevented, he would gradually regain his strength, and recover. But He who *seeth not as man seeth*, had otherwise determined; and it soon became apparent that he was sinking to an early grave. He himself appeared from the first to anticipate the fatal result. When his symptoms appeared more favorable, and his friends were disposed to feel encouraged, he would say, "I know my disease; we may hope for the best, but we must be prepared for the worst."

Throughout his sickness, although his sufferings were often very great, not a murmur

or complaint ever escaped him. On one occasion, when a friend asked if he was not in distress, he replied; "it would require the tongue of an angel to describe my agony;" and then added, "these light afflictions which are but for a moment, are working out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Being asked whether he wished to recover, he said, he "could wish to live to be a comfort to his parents, and to labor for the advancement of the cause of Christ; but that God knew what was for the best, and if he chose to call him away, he was satisfied. That he did not fear death, although he felt it to be a solemn thing for a sinful creature like him to appear before a holy God; but, said he, I know that the righteousness of Christ is sufficient for the chief of sinners—Oh, what should I do if I had not such a Saviour!"

Of his class-mates he often spoke in the most affectionate manner; evincing the greatest solicitude for their welfare, and expressing the hope "that his death would be the means of inducing them to seek an interest in Christ;

remarking that if one of them should listen to his dying intreaties, he should not have lived in vain." It was his request that one of their number might be with him in his last hours, in order to bear to the rest his last farewell, and his dying testimony to the excellence of religion. "Tell them," said he, "that they have my best wishes for their prosperity and happiness in the world; and though I am not permitted to meet them again on earth, my prayer is that I may meet them all in heaven."

The young and old received his dying admonitions. It was an interesting sight, to see him, but a short time before his death, with a primer in his hand, explaining in a striking manner to some of his aged relatives, how Christ "executeth the office of a Prophet, Priest, and King."

He was unwilling to take stimulants of any kind, fearing an artificial excitement, and wishing to have a free and undisturbed enjoyment of all his faculties. At times he wished to be left entirely alone, that he might "hold communion with God, and have one sweet hour of happiness."

The day of his death was triumphant beyond description. In the morning, as he lay near a window, from which he felt the refreshing air, raising both hands, he exclaimed, "O, I feel fresh and vigorous; I feel as though I could rise and soar away, if set free from the body—I long to be in heaven." Being asked what made heaven appear so desirable, he replied; "the eternal—eternal—eternal blessedness of the place;" adding, "I shall soon be there, with saints and angels, and with God."

He requested his sisters to visit his grave every Saturday afternoon, that they might be reminded of their mortality, and prepare to follow him.

After he had appeared to be dying, his voice was restored; and he solemnly intreated all who were about him to love, serve, and trust in God; as he could assure them it afforded the highest happiness in life, and they could see the support it gave in a dying hour. Just before he breathed his last, he said "he was free from pain, and was filled with joy; that his soul seemed to be on the wing, and would soon be wafted away." His last words were

" happy—happy—blessed—blessed." After his speech was gone, a friend who was holding his hand asked him whether he still felt the presence of the Saviour; he pressed her hand —raised towards heaven his eyes, which even then beamed with " joy unspeakable, and full of glory,"—and in a moment calmly entered on his rest.

" His flight he took—his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended."—

He who could witness such a scene—could see the soul exhibiting more than its wonted vigor when the body was struggling in the grasp of death, and not believe that that soul was immortal, must be an infidel indeed. He who could witness it, and not be convinced that the religion which produced a result so glorious, was a reality, must certainly be blinded to the light of evidence. Well has it been said,

" The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of life :"—

The day on which he died, was Monday, June 9th, 1828. On the Wednesday following, his funeral was attended by a numerous concourse of relatives and friends. Most of his classmates were present to pay him their last sad tribute of affection and respect. The remembrance of his genius and his worth, prompted many a tear at his untimely fall. Yet in view of the closing scene, the voice of reason said,

"Weep not for him; in his spring-time he flew
To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfurled;
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world."

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The following truly consoling expression of sympathy, and testimony to the virtues and talents of their beloved son, was received by his parents soon after his death, from his tutor.

Yale College, June 12th, 1828.

DEAR SIR AND MADAM,

I cannot contemplate the afflicting dispensation which has deprived you of your beloved son, without offering you my sincere sympathies

in your affliction, and rendering a slight tribute of esteem and affection to the worth and memory of our dear and lamented friend. We all loved him in life—we all mourn him in death. We feel that one is gone, who was pre-eminently qualified by his attainments and virtues, to shed joy and consolation around his path—to be the hope, the solace, and support of his friends, and to adorn every station of public or private life. And when we consider how much he was endeared to you, by the tenderness of his filial and fraternal love; to us, by his amiable manners and benevolent feelings; and how much we all expected from him in the cause of truth and virtue;—we grieve for the sorrow that afflicts your parental hearts, and feel that we and society have suffered a great loss.

But we doubt not you derive heavenly consolation from that merciful Father, who chasteneth not but for our good. It is His hand that hath done this, who *seeth not as man seeth*, but doeth all things in wisdom and mercy. To us indeed it is great loss, but to our dear friend infinite gain. His intellectual gifts—his progress in every excellence and christian virtue—

his lingering illness—the failure of his youthful hopes of earthly good; were but so many means of divine goodness to fix his mind on the true object of his being, to purify his nature from all earthly defilements, and prepare him for a higher, holier, happier existence.

Allow me to say, my dear friends, I have esteemed and loved your son. I have rarely, if ever, seen a young man that possessed so many qualities to commend him to my esteem and affection. He possessed a mind of uncommon maturity; more improved by choice reading and reflection than is usual at his age. His understanding was sound and vigorous; but he particularly excelled in a nice and delicate perception of moral beauty. In the classics, in fine writing, in matters of taste and elegant literature, he was decidedly the first in his division; and was among the first in the mathematics. In his literary exercises, and in his intercourse with me and his companions, he exhibited originality and independence of thought, united with the nicest sense of propriety, and the most respectful and delicate regard to the feelings of others. There was an accuracy and finish in his attainments, a modesty and dignity

in his manners, a warmth and delicacy in his feelings, and a purity and elevation in his whole character, which placed him high in the respect and confidence, as well as in the affectionate esteem of his companions and instructors.

You had great reason to be happy that you had such a son, and above all, that he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth. His virtues have ripened to maturity earlier than we had anticipated, and he has left us sooner than our human feelings and short-sighted views could have desired; but the God that made him has in his wisdom and goodness taken him to Himself in that world of eternal joy, where sickness, and sorow, and disappointment are known no more. May the consolations and blessings of Heaven be with you, and may the dispensations of Providence have their proper effect upon us all.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

A. N. Skinner.

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In the Religious Intelligencer of June 14th, appeared the following notice of his death, and brief sketch of his character.

Died, at Milford, on the 9th inst. Mr. Charles Pond, a member of the Sophomore class in Yale College, and the only son of Charles H. Pond, Esq. aged 18.

We are seldom called to mourn over the grave of a young man more universally beloved and lamented. His literary companions who have admired and loved him for the uncommon maturity and classical elegance of his mind; the warmth, tenderness and delicacy of his feelings; for the ardor and purity of his piety; and the singular elevation of his whole character; feel that they have lost their model, their friend and brother. He loved excellence for its own sake, and he attained it. Those who have known him as we have known him, will feel that it is no unmeaning panegyric, that his class have lost one who was first in their affections and respect; his bereaved family the best of sons and brothers, and society one that eminently promised to be a blessing and ornament, in whatever circle he might have moved. He was happy in life—happy in death—and, we confidently trust, is happy in the reward of a blessed immortality.

Here must conclude the brief history of the lamented Pond. We might proceed to give an abstract of his character; but the modesty of his demeanor, the purity of his feelings, the superiority of his genius, and the ardor of his piety, have already been fully exhibited in his own writings and the testimony of others; and it is not necessary. And although his bereaved friends must realize the touching sentiment of the poet,

> The tear through many a long day wept,
> Through a life, by his loss all shaded,
> And the sad remembrance fondly kept,
> When all other griefs are faded;

yet they will derive the highest satisfaction from the reflection, that though cut down in the bloom of youth, he had already ripened for a better world; and from the hope that others, by the contemplation of his character, may be led to see and appreciate the loveliness of moral excellence, and to act under the influence of the sentiment on which he often dwelt, "that the highest sources of happiness, are accessible only to the *learned* and the *good*."

## TRIBUTARY VERSES.

Beloved Pond! thy memory claims a tear,
Untimely fallen in thy bright career;
Death's seal impressed upon thy manly brow,
Thy head on its cold pillow resteth now:
Nor youth, nor genius, could avert the blow
Thy hopes which blighted—laid thy promise low.
In the full bloom of life's just opening morn,
Possessed of all the graces that adorn;—
Of what attractions talent can bestow—
Of what from *real worth* are wont to flow;—
Thou wert, while yet thou lingered with us here,
The pride—the ornament of every sphere.
But when, to death a lovely victim given,
Thy rising spirit plumed her wing for heaven;
Thy parting lustre, lighted up the gloom
That gathers darkly o'er the silent tomb;
Shewed us in virtue's path, which thou hast trod,
The path that leads to happiness and God.
So the bright gem that studs the brow of night;—
Awhile it glows with pure and steady light,
Then sudden falling, gleams along the skies,
And shines with brightest lustre, *as it dies.*

Then rest thee now in peace—the hallowed spot
Where sleeps thy dust, shall never be forgot;
Oft, aye, full oft, affection's tears shall lave
The flowers that bloom upon thy lowly grave.
But while thy memory, thus we long shall love,
Thy spirit, entered on its rest above,
Shall chant the song the ransomed only know,
Beside the streams where heavenly waters flow.

FINIS.